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LOVES' SPELLING BEE.

BY W. COSMO MONKHOUSE.

One balmy eve in Phyllis' bower
  With Phyllis at my knee,
I said, "My dear, be you my Flower,
  And I will be your Bee."

But she withstay'd my eager arm,
  And said, "I know full well
You've learned, dear Damon, how to charm,
  But, Damon, can you spell?"

I rash essayed the trial new,
  And she with finger raised
And brow severe: "Your faith so true,
  Your faith so much be praised—

"Spell 'Faith,'" she said. And I began
  With F, and faltered A,
Then T and H.—"O foolish man!"
  I quickly heard her say.

"To hold a faith without an 'eye'—
  And how more foolish we—
We women who will waste and sigh
  For faith that cannot see."

Then I replied, "If love is blind,
  Why should not faith be so?
For true love hath no fault to find,
  Nor faith a doubt can know.

"But, Phyllis dear, my spelling flower,
  'Tis now your turn to prove,
And fitly for to test your power,
  Come, spell me, Phyllis, Love!"

"That were an easy word to spell,"
  She cried out eagerly,
And said, "I spell my love with L,
  And U, and V, and E."

"O foolish woman!" quick I cried,
  "Not O?"—But lively shame
So filled her face that joy and pride
  Forbade the words of blame.

Around my neck her arms she flung,
  And whispered quietly,
"Your O is nought, but without 'you'
  All love were nought to me."

THE CYPHER TELEGRAM!

By CHARLES MORRIS.

[This story was commenced in No. 30, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XXXV.

OUT OF PRISON.

The probable escape of the lunatic, despite the vigilance of the keepers, gave Lovelace a new and daring idea, namely, to remain in the cell he now occupied during the next day. If the flight of the madman was not discovered no one would be likely to enter the room, and food would be passed in with little danger of the cell being examined. At all events he could not escape this night with Miss Browning. To-morrow night, if they supposed him already escaped, their vigilance would be relaxed, no guard set, and escape might prove comparatively easy.

Of course there was the chance of the cell being entered to be cleaned, or for other purposes; but some risk must be taken, and this seemed to him to be the least.

He insisted on Miss Browning laying upon the bed and obtaining some sleep. Though she yielded confidingly to his plan and endeavored to sleep, no slumber visited her eyelids the night through.

More philosophical was Lovelace. Stretched upon the floor, determined to remain awake, sleep came upon him despite himself, and he passed the remainder of the night in dreamless unconsciousness.

The first touch of daylight aroused him. He rose to look upon the face of his fair companion, keeping a fond, loving watch over his slumbers.

With the growth of the daylight and the confidence that it brought on its beams, weariness overcame her and she, in her turn, yielded to slumber.

Carefully covering her so that she could not easily be seen from the door, he passed hours by the bedside, gazing with tireless love upon the pale, beautiful features, and blessing the fortune that had won him the affection of such a being.

It fortunately turned out as he had hoped. Food was hastily passed into the cell, without a glance within by the attendants. The keepers were too much wearied by their sleeplessness of the previous night to be vigilant in the performance of their ordinary duties, and the fugitives were not disturbed.

Miss Browning slept quietly till noon. She partook with good appetite of the food which her lover had kept for her, and in his society appeared to have forgotten her fears and to have recovered all her animation.

They heard a stir during the afternoon, as their friends were taken through the institution, but they never dreamed how near deliverance was to them, and crouched back in dread as they heard doors opening and shutting near by.

But theirs was passed untouched, and they breathed freely again as the sound of steps died away in the distance and they remained undiscovered.

Night returned and they were still safe, though in the heart of danger. As the light faded out and the gloom deepened, Miss Browning's nervous dread returned. The remembrance of the horrors of the preceding night came strong upon her, and it needed all his hopeful assurance to allay her fears.

It was his idea to steal from the room immediately after darkness had fallen and before the lights would be lit, the doors leading into the grounds locked, or the keepers roused from their after-supper relaxation into the extra vigilance of the night time.

He wished to make an exploration alone, but she could not bear to be left by herself in the cell, and he felt obliged to take her with him, even at increased risk of discovery.

Removing their shoes so that they might tread without noise, they cautiously left the cell, closing the door behind them, and noting its exact position in case of a necessity of returning.

Silently they stole along the passage in the deep gloom, and down the stairs; ready to return at the slightest alarming sound. But no footsteps were heard and no unusual noises, and they safely reached the passage below.

Looking carefully out from the stairs, he saw a man standing near the end of the passage, faintly lit from the window. A shudder of despair ran through the maiden's frame as she saw escape so near and this danger in the way.

But Lovelace was not to be lightly turned back. The place where they stood was quite dark, the passage leading to the rear door near by. If they were fortunate enough to find this unlocked, escape was secured, if not, they might possibly return unseen.

To think was to act. Without a moment's pause, he drew her lightly but quickly on, his eye fixed keenly on the man before them.

In an instant they had turned into the side passage. With a great heart-bound of joy they saw that the door stood wide open and unguarded. The warm breath of the June night flowed in soft and odorous; the rustle of leaves outside was the most delightful music to their ears.

Ten steps more and they were in the open air! The long, soft grass yielded to their shoeless feet like a rich carpet. In a moment they were among the trees and hidden by bushes from the house.

Here it was not very dark, and the sky was brilliantly studded with stars. Halting under the shade of a clump of bushes whose thick-growing leaves half-enveloped them, they drew on their shoes, and seated on the warm grass, waited possible developments.

All remained still around them. No threatening sound came from the house. The air was balmy; fragrant flowers waved above them, and their hearts were full of love and happiness.

For an hour or more he sat here. He had deemed it best to make his escape from the house at an early hour. Arrived in the grounds, he thought it unsafe to move until much later in the night. Now there might be persons moving about the grounds; later on the danger would be much lessened.

His plan was to attempt the wicket. He had his keys and saw with him, and felt sure of getting out by their aid. It was nearly eleven o'clock when he left his place of concealment, stepping with the utmost care, and looking keenly on all sides before advancing. Her hand in his, she moved on with equal caution by his side.

Yet despite his care, he was seen. He received the first intimation of this by a slight jerk at his coat as he passed a large tree. He turned, much startled, and looked back with a hasty glance.

Before him stood a slight figure, indistinctly seen in the gloom, but familiar in its outlines. A voice settled all doubt.

"It's me—Tim Sparks," it said. "Which way was you steering?"

"For the gate."

"That cat won't jump," said the boy, in a low voice. "I've been round that way. It's watched. There's a big customer on duty there. You'd be nabbed sure."

"And how did you get in?"

"The same road you're going to get out. There's some friends of yourn outside there. I come in to scout round a bit. Foller me, and I'll pull you through."

Full of the dignity and importance of his mission, the boy led on, closely followed by his overjoyed friends. Arrived at the wall, they found themselves beneath the limb of a tree which had been used on a former occasion, with the same rope dangling to the ground.

"How will the lady get out, Tim? This rope is of no use."

"That's all right, sir, said Tim, ascended the rope like a cat. "I've got a longer ladder to-night."

Reaching the top of the wall, he spoke in a low voice to some parties outside. In a minute a ladder was thrown up over the top of the wall. Tim drew on this with all his strength, but it was too heavy for him. Feeling the danger of every minute's delay, Lovelace, in his turn, climbed the rope, and reached the limb. Grasping the ladder, their united strength drew it up and turned it over into the grounds. It just reached the top of the wall.

Descending the ladder, Lovelace assisted the lady, trembling as she was with hope and excitement, up the rounds of their avenue of escape.

The top of the wall was safely reached. It was wide enough for her to sit upon while the ladder was drawn.

In another minute they were both safely out of the bounds of their terrible prison, Tim recovering his rope and nimbly following them.

A series of handshaking and congratulations followed, from Lawyer Brown and his friend, and even from Mr. Fogg, anxious as he had been to arrest Lovelace the previous day.

Tim brought up the rear with his congratulations, warm and earnest, if uncouth. In five minutes more they were moving from the spot, towards the city, taking gladness with them, leaving danger behind, at every step.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

STRANGE NEWS BY TELEGRAPH.

The freed prisoners and their friends hastened without loss of time from the dangerous locality, doubtful that even yet suspicion might be excited and they might be attacked from within.

Tim insisted on being helped to carry his ladder from the spot and hide it in his former hiding place, his object being to deceive the officers of the asylum both as to the mode and time of the escape. He had seen so much of their unscrupulous actions that he feared, if the ladder was left as a witness, that they would devise some means of recapturing their escaped prisoners.

The city was soon reached, and the whole party proceeded to the hotel. Here Lovelace laid aside his rough habiliments, and resumed his ordinary clothes, to the great improvement of his personal appearance.

Miss Browning, too, after the exercises of that rejuvenating process at which ladies are such adepts, reappeared much more like her old self again. Her face was still thin and rather pale, from the suffering she had endured. But there was a joyful light in her eyes, and a flush of happiness over her whole countenance, that showed how fully the excitement of the protracted effort to escape had lifted her from her depression, how deeply the love given and returned had filled her whole soul with new and glad life.

Supper was ordered and enjoyed by the two lovers with a natural reaction from the lenten fare to which they had been confined.

After supper the whole matter of the abduction, and of the efforts at rescue and escape, were fully described, to the great indignation of the listeners, who felt that some decided action to punish the villainous officers of the asylum should be taken.

Lovelace was highly complimented for the part he had taken in the affair, and Tim came in for a share of praise that seemed to confuse him greatly.

"See here," said he, at length; "ain't this kind of laying it on thick? I am going out to take a look at the show windows till you get through."

And out he went, with a haste as if he were flying from blame instead of praise.

After he had gone, and Miss Browning had retired, the subject of Joe Sedley's revealments was touched upon, and the probability of Harvey Benton's connection with the murder considered.

Lovelace expressed himself strongly as of this opinion, and advanced fresh reasons for his belief that had great weight with his hearers. Benton's proved connection with the villainous head-keeper of the asylum, and complicity in the abduction of his niece, added to the strength of these suspicions. Might he not have been the third party proved to have been present at the murder? Might not his paralysis have proceeded from some injury received at this time? There was plentiful reason to believe that a blow had been given. Might it not have fallen upon him?

Satisfied, as they were now becoming, that Benton was the chief agent, if not the chief actor, in the murder, it was plain that he could have had no interest in the murder of Downey, while having a strong interest in the disappearance of his brother-in-law.

Even detective Fogg now admitted the strong probability that Mr. Browning had been the murdered man. But this only cleared up half the mystery. What had, then, become of Downey? His utter disappearance was yet to be accounted for. Every effort to trace the survivor of the two missing men had, so far, proved abortive, and no one could imagine what had become of him.

The thought suddenly occurred to Lovelace, that, as the keeper, Jake Haydon, had been engaged by Benton for the abduction of his neice, might he not also have been concerned in the disappearance of Downey. If the latter was confined, as they had been, in the asylum, the mystery of his disappearance was explained, and the employment of the carriage accounted for.

But what kind of an institution was this in which such outrages could be practiced, how many such patients were locked within the cells of this model asylum?

It was determined that charges should be preferred against the officers of the institution, and particularly against Jake Haydon, who appeared to be the principal if not the only culpable person concerned in the outrages.

It was considered important, also, to have a strict search made for Downey, and without first apprising the keepers of their purpose, as otherwise their object might be frustrated.

"How, though," cried Lovelace, suddenly, "in regard to the lunatic who escaped from the cell which we invaded? His first cry was of murder. He babbled incessantly of blood, talking in a frightened tone of hands red with blood, and seemed indeed maddened by having been present at some deed of blood. Might not Downey have been indeed insane? I have been told that he showed signs of being weak and unsettled in mind. He may have been present at the murder, have been maddened by the sight, and brought here in consequence by the murderers."

"And may have been the man on whom you intruded," cried Mr. Brown.

"So I conjecture. This, of course, may be all fancy, but there is a possibility of its truth. The man is still at large. He seems to have escaped over the wall by some of the cunning of the insane. If it is Downey he will be found, in all likelihood, some where about the locality of the murder. While, then, the asylum is being searched, this locality should also be watched."

"Exactly," said Mr. Brown. "I and Mr. Fogg will remain here to prefer the charges against the asylum. The others of you had better return to Dover in the morning and institute this investigation of which you speak."

"But do not let Miss Browning return home," said the officer. "It might be neither agreeable nor safe for her under the circumstances. It is best that her uncle should not know of her escape until our plans are further advanced."

"He will soon know of it," replied Lovelace. "His villainous agents are in too much danger themselves not to avail themselves of his superior skill in rascality. I will place Miss Browning in concealment at Melton for the present."

The next morning the measures determined upon at this conference were put into effect. Mr. Brown entered his charge against the villainous keeper, and went so sternly and urgently to business that his wishes were at once complied with.

The depositions of Mr. Lovelace and Miss Browning were taken, and the arrest of Jacob Haydon, and his known confederate, William Smith, who was suspected of having been the second party concerned in the abduction—was ordered.

Mr. Brown, accompanied by detective Fogg and a brace of the city policemen, armed with a search-warrant, visited the asylum, and made a complete exploration, examining the occupant of every cell. But no trace of Downey was found, and no sufficient reason to believe that any sane persons were now confined in the institution. If any such had been placed there they had been rendered insane by the treatment received.

But the officers of the asylum now learned, for the first time, that one of their cells was empty. Amazement seized them on learning this fact, inexplicable to them. His name was Thompson, they said, an old occupant, incurably insane.

The effort at arrest resulted in the capture of only one of the two villains. Haydon was absent since the preceding day. None knew where he had gone or how soon he would return. He attended to most of the outdoor business of the asylum, and was often absent for several days at a time.

A number of the inmates of the asylum were questioned—the keepers being compelled to remain out of sight and hearing, that their presence might have no preventive influence—concerning the treatment received. They told a tale of barbarous harshness, and cruel punishments for the most trifling offenses, that made the blood of the listeners run cold, and taught them that this investigation had not been made before it was imperatively demanded.

Meanwhile Lovelace was carrying out his part of the arrangement. He drove over to Melton, as soon as their presence in Martinsville could be dispensed with, taking with him Miss Browning and the boy.

The former was placed in safe quarters in the town, she readily acquiescing in the arrangement after being given an inkling of their object in this concealment. Distrust of Mr. Benton had been long a source of trouble to her, and had so deepened during the late events that she was quite prepared to believe the worst concerning him.

Tim was sent to Dover with instructions to watch the scene of the murder, keeping himself cautiously concealed. If he should see any signs of Downey he was to follow him, and report his movements. Lovelace had so high an opinion of Tim's acuteness that he was quite satisfied that he was the best person that could be employed for the purpose.

Other persons were put on the watch at the point where the boat had landed. Lovelace remained at Melton, dividing his time between his friend Sedley and his charge, Miss Browning, to whom, indeed the lion's share of his time was devoted.

He had instructed Tim, on whose part of the duty of watching he had chief reliance, to immediately telegraph to him at Melton any discovery that might be made. He accordingly was a frequent visitor, through the day, at Sedley's office. Yet the day passed, and no word came over the wires.

Lovelace grew impatient and anxious as evening approached, without a word from any of his agents. He had grown more sure, the more he considered it, that the escaped lunatic was indeed Downey, particularly as he heard from Martinsville that no such person had been found in the asylum.

It had seemed to him a natural conclusion that the maniac would seek the scene of the murder, and he had grown almost sure of hearing favorable advices before night.

Sedley grew rather nervous over his friend's anxiety, as the question was asked for the twentieth time whether anything had come over the lines from Dover.

"Nothing yet, Jack, I am sorry to say, "he replied. "Since you are taking this so much to heart, I do wish somebody would send something favorable."

"You know, Sedley, how much depends on this telegram, and can appreciate my anxiety."

"Of course, Jack, I understand all that," said Sedley, walking to the instrument. "By Jove!" he exclaimed, as the machine suddenly clicked, "I believe we have it at last. There is the Dover signal."

Lovelace started up, full of excitement and interest, and looked at the instrument as if he expected to hear it speak aloud, and deliver in plain English the message he desired.

What was more surprising was to see his cooler friend suddenly vie with him in excitement. He started up from the table, dropping the paper on which he had begun to write the message, and staring open-eyed at the clicking machine.

"By Jove!" he repeated, with a long-drawn breath of amazement. "This beats Old Nick himself!"

"What has it written?" cried Lovelace.

"Nothing but infernal nonsense," was the reply.

"What ails you then?"

"Wait till I get some one to take my place here. We must get a carriage and drive over to Dover without a lost minute."

Without further reply, or any attention to the fact that the clicking continued, he rushed hastily from the room.

"Is the man gone mad?" growled Lovelace, angrily, listening to the sound of the telegram, and devoutly wishing that he had the ability to translate it into the vernacular tongue.

The scrap of paper on which Sedley had commenced to write the message lay at his feet. He picked it up and looked at it. It contained only some disjointed sentences, without conceivable meaning. The only thing significant to him were the words, "Harvey Benton," "Going to Vinedell."

"What the deuce does it all mean?" he asked himself for the fortieth time, ere his friend returned. "A sweet farrago of nonsense this to turn the head of a man like Joe Sedley."

"What bit you, Joe? and did it hurt much?" he asked, as Sedley returned, quite as excitedly as he had gone out.

"The carriage will be here in five minutes. Are you ready?"

"What's the matter, I say?" cried Lovelace, taking him vigorously by the arm. "What is there in this stuff to take us to Dover?"

"That? That's all nonsense."

"I see it is; and it seems to agree with your present state of mind."

"Did I not tell you——"

"Not that I heard," interrupted Lovelace.

"The message was nothing. It was the man that sent it. I would know his

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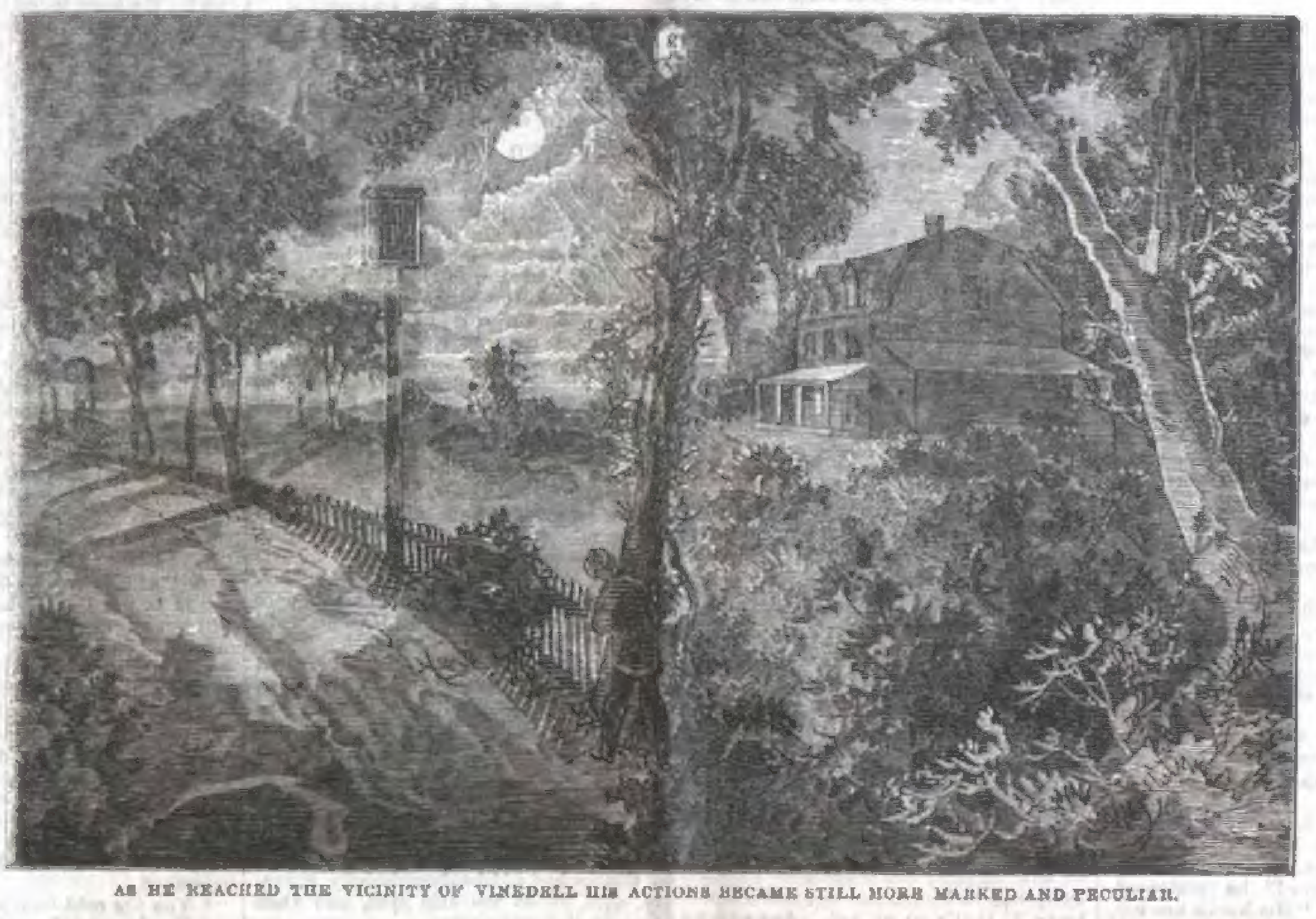


AS HE REACHED THE VICINITY OF VINEDELL HIS ACTIONS BECAME STILL MORE MARKED AND PECULIAR.

touch among a thousand. George Downey is, or was, in the office at Dover. It was his hand sent that wild nonsense."

"The deuce! And going to Vinedell, he says. That's where we need to drive. There's bad work afoot."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A TWILIGHT DRIVE.

In five minutes more, as Sedley had promised, the carriage drew up at the door. It was a one-seated, light vehicle, drawn by a well-built, active-looking animal.

Without delay, further than to send a message to Miss Browning of his intended absence, he stepped into the carriage, in which Sedley was already seated.

The sun was now a half hour set, and the long summer twilight was deepening into night, hastened by a cloudy vapor that veiled the sky.

But Joe Sedley knew the road as well by night as by day, and drove with a fiery vehemence that tried the strength and speed of the horse to the utmost, vigorous and swift as he proved to be.

The miles that lay before them were rapidly overcome, as with voice and whip the sturdy animal was forced onward at a rate that made the blood of the two men course with double motion through their veins.

There was something exhilarating in their swift flight. The air was fresh, the darkness sufficient to add the element of danger to their journey, the possible tragedy ahead from the presence of a madman crazed with thoughts of murder, and loose in an unknowing community, giving a touch of fierce excitement to their flight.

Onward, onward, onward still. Dover was reached, and whirled through. For a moment they drew up at the railroad office, while Sedley sprang from the carriage and ran into the telegraph room.

To his rapid questions, he received answer that, during the momentary absence of the operator, a strange person had been seen to enter the room.

When the operator returned, after a short time this person was seated at the instrument, wildly fingering it. On speaking to him, he had risen from his seat, looking with a wild, but frightened glare at the speaker.

He had passed with a gliding motion round the room and ran hastily out of the door, speaking but two words:

"To Vinedell!"

Sedley leaped again into the carriage and drove as furiously on, heedless of the questions of the group of idlers who had gathered round. With haste he told Lovelace of what he had learned.

"As I feared," said the latter. "'To Vinedell' was the word. To Vinedell let it be. I have a presentiment that not only the unfolding of the murder mystery lies before us, but that some dreadful tragedy is imminent."

"We can only do our best to hinder it," answered Sedley, touching the horse with the whip.

The mile of their present journey was speedily left behind the thundering hoofs of their horse, and in a very few minutes they drew up in front of the quiet-looking mansion, with its green-entwined front, and flower-laden lawn, round which such a haze of mystery and dread had been thrown by the events of the past few weeks.

As they tied their horse, and passed hastily through the gate into the graveled walks within, but one faint light from the house indicated the presence of life within the edifice.

This, as Sedley remarked, seemed to come from the room occupied by Benton as an office. As they neared the house this light suddenly disappeared.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE HAND OF NEMESIS.

We must retrace our steps for an hour, and return to the telegraph office at Dover. The strange man, who had been wildly fingering the telegraphic instrument, and who had fled from the office at the return of the operator, made his way with swift but erratic movements through the town. Several persons turned in surprise to look at him, but none recognized or accosted him.

Passing the limits of the town he moved as hastily along the road. His progress, however, was far from uniform. He would pause as if inclined to turn back, or would stop in the path, clinging to the fence, and muttering to himself.

At one of these pauses he stood looking over the fence towards the creek, and finally sprang over into the field, and hurried towards the water side where the stream made an abrupt bend.

His movement, though hurried, was not direct or decided. There was a sort of gliding or creeping significance in the action, as of one who moved in mortal fear yet dared not disobey some dread summons.

At length he stood, or rather crouched, by the creekside, at the very point memorable for the late murder.

He looked round him with a frightened glance, his whole body quivering, his hands extended with a gesture of horror.

There seemed to be some fearful spectacle before his eyes, where, to ordinary vision, there was but the softly-flowing water and the trees and bushes dusky with evening gloom.

He stooped, and passed his hands tremblingly over the grass, then held them before his eyes, his face full of horror.

"They are red, red, red!" he cried. "It is blood! It is blood! Stop, murderer! Oh, you will kill him! Kill him! Kill him!"

There was an agony of fear in his voice, as he suddenly turned and fled from the spot, still crying:

"You will kill him! Kill him! Kill him!"

From the bushes by the creekside a slender, boyish form emerged, and followed in quick pursuit, though keeping under cover as far as possible.

The man made his way over the fields until he came in sight of the Vinedell mansion, dimly visible in the growing gloom.

Here his speed became less. With eyes fixed on the building before him, he moved on with an uneasy, halting step, now pausing and muttering, now making a few hasty steps onward, now stepping with a slow, cat like tread, but ever drawing nearer to the mansion.

As he reached the immediate vicinity of Vinedell, his action became still more marked and peculiar. It was now full of dread, as of one who approached some danger; now it was a tiger-like movement, slow, stealthy, and ferocious.

The boy kept back almost out of sight. He could just see that the man was advancing very slowly, but could observe nothing of the character of his motions.

Reaching the road in front of the mansion the stranger passed through the open gate, and into the garden, through which he passed, creeping cunningly from bush to bush.

The house was dark, save a single light that shone dimly through a window on the first floor.

The intruder crept on until opposite this window. A narrow porch ran along this side of the house, on which the window opened like a door. It now stood partly open, the space being closed by a curtain, which was raised a foot from the floor.

The intruder stepped noiselessly on to the porch. He stooped and looked under the curtain into the room. It was a small room, fitted as an office, with desk, shelves of books, and a table littered with papers. On this stood the light, a glass oil-lamp. In a large easy chair by the table sat the paralytic manager of the estate, Harvey Benton.

He was busily engaged reading a paper, for which he had drawn the lamp close to the edge of the table. He was utterly unconscious of the wild, fierce, yet fearful glance that was bent upon him from the window.

The boy, who stood by the fence outside, saw the curtain cautiously lifted and the strange man disappear within the room.

Tim, for it was he, was quite at a loss what to make of this behavior, or whether this action menaced danger to the inmate.

He hardly knew how best to act, but concluded to keep on the watch, and make no advance unless some alarming sound or sight came to his attention.

Harvey Benton looked up with a quick start from his paper, becoming conscious of a strange presence in the room. As his eyes rested on the man before him a deathly pallor overspread his countenance, his lips opened but emitted no sound, his eyes were dilated with terror, his hands grasped the chair arms with a convulsive movement.

Though intruding thus into the presence of the occupant of the room, his whole attitude and expression were marked by fear, the crouching dread of a schoolboy who expects to be whipped for some dereliction of duty.

But mingled with this fear was a look of concealed hatred and ferocity, which was gradually growing prominent as he became more accustomed to the position.

Benton seemed to appreciate the situation at a glance. Too well he knew the character of the danger that threatened him.

Throwing off, with a strong effort, his temporary terror, which for the moment had utterly unmanned him, he spoke in a harsh, stern voice, well calculated to work on the fears of his wild-looking visitor.

"How dare you, sir, come in here? Leave the room instantly, or I will punish you as you deserve for your daring impudence!"

The man moved irresolutely back at this stern command, his hands lifted as if to ward off danger.

"I'm going, going!" he muttered, still moving back. "His hands are red, red, red!"

Benton trembled, despite his self-command, at the horror expressed in these words, and the shuddering tone in which they were spoken.

He raised his hand with an involuntary motion, but let it fall again. The madman, who had reached the window, caught this evidence of fear, and seemed emboldened by it.

He paused in his retreat and looked at Benton, with a glance that was growing rapidly bolder.

"It was murder," he muttered; "bloody, terrible murder! And that hand did it, that red, deadly hand!"

He stepped forward again, his eyes fixed as if fascinated on Benton's hand.

The latter angrily jerked his hand away, crying out:

"Will you leave the room? Or shall I call the servants?"

"Call them? Yes, call them. Let them see that hand, that red, red hand! Oh, devil, how could you do it? I hated him, but I could not hurt him!"

"Away with you!" thundered the exasperated, but terror-stricken paralytic, "or I will hurt you."

He raised a heavy paper weight, as if to throw it at the head of the intruder.

The latter, with a quick, cat-like bound, stood before him, and grasped the hand that held the weight. Now thoroughly frightened, Benton sought, with all his strength, to tear his hand loose from this fierce grasp, and reached with his other hand for the bell-rope that hung near him.

But the cunning lunatic was too quick for him. In an instant he had grasped this hand also. Benton attempted to tear his hands loose, but the lunatic now attacked him with the strength and ferocity of a wild beast, grasping him fiercely by the throat.

The assault was so sudden and violent that the chair on which Benton sat was overturned, the two men falling heavily to the floor, while the lamp, which stood close to the edge of the table, was jarred off and fell on the floor beside them.

This was the apparent extinguishment of the light which Lovelace and Sedley had seen. It was followed by a blinding flash and loud report, accompanied by fierce yells and a stifled cry for help. The lamp had exploded, and the burning oil covered the two combatants.

The next moment the two friends rushed together into the room, followed closely by Tim. From the house several servants came rushing in.

The two men lay struggling on the floor, Benton helpless except in his arms. They were covered with flames, as the burning oil fired their clothes and scorched their flesh.

The lunatic, now a raving maniac, yelled with rage, as he grasped his foe by the throat with both hands and beat his head upon the floor, heedless of the scorching flames in which he was enveloped.

It was with difficulty that those present separated the two men, and with more difficulty that they extinguished the stubborn flames, the madman resisting with all the force in his power.

Benton lay motionless, his face blackened, his tongue protruded, from the terrible choking to which he had been subjected.

On being lifted it was found that the partial life of the paralytic had flown. Benton's villainous life had been brought to a dreadful and violent termination. He was quite dead.

The arm-chair which had been overturned in the struggle lay on the floor, its stuffed arm broken. From the rent protruded a bundle of papers.

These Lovelace drew out from the rent and looked at them carelessly. His glance, however, became suddenly close and eager, and a smile of intense satisfaction passed over his face, as he appeared to recognise something familiar in their contents.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

There was some horse-racing over at the Blank Course one day last fall, and Butterwick attended to witness it. On his way home in the Reading cars in the afternoon he encountered Rev. Dr. Potts, a clergyman, who knew no more about horse-racing than a Hindoo knows about seven-up. Butterwick, however, took it for granted, in his usual way, that the doctor was familiar with the subject, and taking a seat beside him he remarked:

"I was out at the Blank Course to-day to see Longfellow."

"Indeed? Was he there? Where did you say he was?"

"Why, over yer at the course. I saw him and General Harney, and a lot more of 'em. He run agin General Harney, and it created a big excitement, too; but he beat the General badly, and the way the crowd cheered him was wonderful. They say that a great deal of money changed hands. The fact is I had a small bet upon the General myself."

"You don't mean to say that Longfellow actually beat General Harney?"

"Yes, I do! Beat him the worse kind. You'd hardly 've thought it now, would you? I was never more surprised in my life. What's queer about it is he seemed just as fresh afterwards as before he commenced. Didn't faze him a bit. Why, instead of wanting to rest he was jumping about just as lively, and when the crowd began to push around him he kicked a boy in the stomach and doubled him all up—nearly killed him. Oh! he's wicked! I wouldn't trust him as far as I could see him."

"This is simply astonishing," said the doctor. "I wouldn't have believed it possible. Are you sure it was Longfellow, Mr. Butterwick?"

"Why, certainly, of course; I've seen him often before. And, after breathing awhile, he and Maggie Mitchell came out, and as soon as they stepped off he put on an extra spurt or two and led her by the neck all around the place, and she came in puffing and blowing and nearly exhausted. I never took much stock in her anyway."

"Led her by the neck! Why, this is the most scandalous conduct I ever heard of. Mr. Butterwick, you must certainly be joking."

"I pledge you my word it's the solemn truth. I saw it myself. And after that Judge Fullerton and General Harney, they took a turn together, and that was the prettiest contest of the day. First the Judge beat the General and then the General'd put in the big licks and give it to the Judge, and the two'd be about even for a while, and all of a sudden the General would give a kinder jerk or two and leave the Judge just nowhere, and by the time the General passed the third quarter, the Judge keeled over against the fence and gave in. They say he broke his leg, but I don't know if that's so or not. Anyway he was used up. If he'd passed the quarter he might have been all right."

"What was the matter with the quarter? Wasn't it good?"

"Oh, yes. But you see the Judge must have lost his wind or something, and I reckon when he tumbled it was something like a faint, you know."

"Served him right for engaging in such a brutal contest."

"Well, I dunno. Depends on how you look at such things. And when this was over Longfellow entered with Mattie Evelyn. He kept shooting past her all the time, and this worried her so that she ran a little to one side, and somehow, I dunno how it happened, but his leg kinder tripped her, and she rolled over on the ground, hurt pretty bad, I think, while Longfellow had his leg cut pretty near to the bone."

"Did any of the shots strike her?"

"I don't understand you."

"You said he kept shooting close to her, and I thought maybe some of the bullets might have struck her."

"Why, I meant that he ran past her, of course. How in the thunder could he shoot bullets at her?"

"I thought maybe he had a gun. But I don't understand any of it. It is the most astounding thing I ever heard of at any rate."

"Now, my dear sir, I want to ask you how Longfellow could manage a gun?"

"Why, as any other man does, of course."

"Man! man! Why, merciful Moses! you don't think I was talking about human beings all this time, did you? Why, Longfellow is a horse! They were racing, running races over at the course this afternoon, and I was trying to tell you about it."

"You don't say," remarked the doctor, with a sigh of relief. "Well, I declare, I thought you were speaking of the poet, and I hardly knew whether to believe you or not; it seemed so strange that he should behave in that manner."

Then Mr. Butterwick went into the smoking-car to tell the joke to his friends, and the doctor sat reflecting upon the outrageous impudence of the men who name their horses after respectable people.

RAPID TRANSIT IN EARNEST.

In this country we have a very inadequate idea of rapid transit and its use between London and its suburbs. A writer in *Chamber's Journal* gives the following statistics:

"The average number of trains running on each weekday over the Metropolitan extension of the Chatham and Dover line—twelve miles—is 546; and the number of passengers conveyed over those twelve miles during six months, is over seven millions. The Metropolitan Railway conveyed, on Whit Monday last, over 244,000 persons. During the Whitsun week, over 1,088,000 passengers traveled on that underground line. One-sixteenth of the entire population of London made use of this railway in one day without an accident. In the busiest time of an ordinary day—that is to say, between nine and ten in the morning—a train passes over the line every forty-three seconds, or seven trains in five minutes. In the course of the day, 708 trains have to run forward and backward. Safety is secured by insuring not an interval of time, but of space between the several trains, which is arranged by the operation of what is known as the Spagnioletti system of signals. During twelve years, 294,258,533 persons have traveled by underground."

ENCOURAGEMENT.

BY D. BRAINERD WILLIAMSON.

When the night is chill and dark
When the waves sweep o'er Life's bark,
And the soul shrinks in its ark,
  Fearful lest it fail the shore;
Then 'tis well to lift the eye,
Faith-lit, to the frowning sky,
Where Hope's torch flame, blazing high,
  Bids us labor but the more.

Stand the bolder at your post;
Dare the angry, billowy host;
Make of life the very most;
  Take new strength and wield the helm.
He who notes the sparrow's fall
Guardeth both the great and small;
Trust Him, then, through dangers all,
  Though they threaten to o'erwhelm.

If the bright blooms of the heart
In the cold wind's shrieking start,
Quiver, pale and drop apart,
  Faded blossoms, to the dust,
It is peace for us to know
They will bloom in deeper glow,
For our vision, when we go
  To the Kingdom of the Just.

Then, oh, faint not at the oar!
Be ye stronger than before;
See, by faith, the pleasant shore;
  Brave the storm, the billows breast!
Soon the light will pierce the dark,
Golden waters lave the bark,
And the soul leap from its ark,
  In the Harbors of the Blest.

—*Easton Express.*

JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

By Miss M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

[This story was commenced in No. 34, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER VII.—[CONTINUED.]

How lovely it was on the beach—those smooth, shining sands, those treacherous rocks, slippery and cruel and deceitful as the heart of man! How lovely sea and sky, and the fertile earth sloping upward from the sands! How lovely to live in such a world, and to feel as Naomi felt, her hand still locked in Oswald's—perhaps unawares—as they walked slowly along the sands, pretending to look for sea anemones in all those still waterpools in the hollows of the rocks—darkly-shining water, like black diamonds!

"Naomi," said Oswald in a low voice, "how sweet it is to be alone with you!"

Naomi crimsoned at the speech, commonplace as it was.

"We are often alone—in the wilderness," she said, shyly. "There's one, striped purple and white. How pretty!" pointing to a creature in a pool.

"I doat upon the wilderness," replied Oswald. "But we are not often alone there; Jim is generally good enough to keep us company. He is a dear fellow; but I would rather have you all to myself like this. Look round, Naomi; except for yonder white sail we might be in some unknown island of the Southern Sea. Are you glad that I found you to-day, Naomi?"

She looked at him thoughtfully, gravely, with those truthful eyes, and then answered deliberately,

"Yes."

"The day is sweeter to you because we spend it together?"

"Yes. You are the only friend I have in Combhollow—the only friend who seems to understand all I think and feel and hope. I have other friends, of course—people I like; only they seem far off compared with you."

"Does that mean love, Naomi?"

"I do not know," she answered with drooping eyelids.

"Tell me that it does, Naomi, and make me the happiest of men. I have waited for an hour like this—solitude calm as this—to tell you all I feel, to show you my heart. It has been yours for a long while, dear. You have made my life happy; you have given me hopes and dreams I never had before. You reprove me sometimes for my willingness to live what you call a purposeless life at Combhollow. My darling, I have no purpose but to live happily with you; no ambition except to win you for my wife."

"A very poor ambition," she answered, with a grave, sweet smile, "and perhaps a foolish one. I will not say that I did not think you—cared for me. I have thought it lately, and thought of it very seriously; but my mind is not clear. I am not sure that it is for your welfare or mine that I should let you speak to me of love; that I should ever be any nearer to you than I am now, as your faithful and true friend."

"My gentle sermoniser," exclaimed Oswald, contemplating her with admiring eyes, and stealing his arm round her waist, "and why these doubts?"

"We are not of the same rank in life; we are very far apart. What would be said in Combhollow if you should marry a grocer's daughter?"

"Why, I suppose the verdict of the majority would be that I had married the prettiest girl in the place," he answered lightly.

"Oh, Oswald, please be serious. I know that people would say hard and bitter things. They would say you had lowered yourself by such a marriage; that father had set a trap for you. And you yourself would be sorry after a little while. How would you like to have aunt Judith for your aunt, and to know that your father-in-law was standing behind a counter?"

"I will put up with the counter and aunt Judith for your sake."

"Why should you make such a sacrifice when you might marry a lady?"

"I have seen no better lady than you, Naomi, and I will have no other lady for my wife. I respect your father as much as if he were a bishop, and shall never blush for my alliance with him. I suppose I am a republican at heart; for I have no idea that the fact of a man keeping a shop makes him my inferior. There is no huckster living that will haggle longer or make a closer bargain than my father when he has a farm to let. Is he less a trader because his stock-in-trade is the soil? He is so much the less to be honored for its possession that it came to him from his father, instead of being the fruit of his own industry."

"That is the way a great many people talk, and very few people think," answered Naomi, thoughtfully.

"I am one who think as I speak. Come, love, let us not argue social questions. I want an answer to a question that touches us nearer. I love you with all my heart, Naomi; I want you for my wife; I recognize no social difference between us. I shall be as proud to win you as if you were the daughter of a duke. I shall feel as triumphant on our wedding-day as if you were a princess of the land, and our marriage set all the church bells in this island ringing. Answer me, dearest. I give you true and ardent love; have you nothing to give me in return?"

"I will not answer lightly," said Naomi, grave to sadness. "Think how awful a question you wish me to answer. All our lives to come depend upon our wisdom in this matter. We must not decide thoughtlessly, either you or I. And I am afraid you are thoughtless in most things, Oswald," she added, looking up at his smiling face.

"I do not think love and thought are very close allies, Naomi. I love you too well to analyse my feelings or argue about my love; and I think if you loved me ever so little you would be less disposed to make difficulties."

"Do you feel that you will love me all your life, Oswald; that this fancy of yours will not wear out; that, if I were to be your wife, the day would never come when you would regret your choice, when you would feel that you might have chosen more wisely?"

"That day would never come, Naomi, my heart answers for that. Come, love, have we not seen enough of each other to be very sure of our own feelings? I have known you a year, dearest. It is no sudden fancy which I miscall love. My affection for you began as friendship, grave and sweet and tranquil, and slowly ripened into love. Have I not the right to answer boldly for such a love as this? We have bared our hearts to each other, we have no secrets from each other, we have knelt side by side and prayed together, we have been as familiar as if we were of the same household. Can you fear change or decay in a love that has so ripened? Indeed, my dearest, there is no need for fear."

Naomi had made up her mind to be very serious—very firm—whenever this question came to be argued; to yield only on conviction, and to be very slow to be convinced. But she felt her reasoning powers beginning to fail her. Sincerity was written on Oswald's brow, truth shone in his eyes, and she loved him—loved him with all the truthfulness and hopefulness of first love. How should she argue in such a case?

"Answer me, Naomi; tell me that I have not fooled myself with baseless hopes—that you give me love for love."

"I will answer nothing for myself," she replied, releasing herself from his arm; "my father shall decide for us. He shall choose."

"That's a cold answer to give a lover," said Oswald, offended.

"It is for life," she answered. "I will not answer lightly; I will not trust myself to decide."

"If you loved me, Naomi, you would not let anyone else decide my fate."

"If you think that I do not love you put me out of your thoughts," she answered, with a little touch of dignity. She was thinking more of his future happiness than her own. Would it not be ineffable bliss to be his—to belong to him as his servant, his bond slave—how much more as his equal companion and helpmeet.

"You are cold-hearted and cruel."

"No, Oswald, I am trying to be wise. I think my father will answer as you wish, but he will not answer rashly. If he did not think it for your welfare that we should be married, he would say no, although he might think it was for my happiness."

"It is hard to have to deal with such good people. Any other girl than you would have answered differently."

"How would she have answered?" asked Naomi.

"Silently, perhaps. She would have looked up in my face, and our lips would have met and sealed the bond between us. Our first kiss would have meant for ever and ever. She would not have preached me a sermon about social differences and my future welfare," said Oswald, angered by his sweetheart's measured replies.

He had made up his mind that he had but to speak the word, and she would put her hand in his and accept her fate as submissively as Esther received the crown, or Ruth gave herself to Boaz. He was quite willing to sacrifice all social distinctions and descend to the level of Joshua Haggard's family, but he expected that sacrifice to be regarded in somewise as a favor.

They walked on slowly and in silence for a little while, and there was no more talk of the sea-anemones. Naomi looked at the shining pools among the rocks with eyes that saw not; Oswald gazed steadily seaward.

He got the better of his angry feelings after a little while, and was ashamed of his ill temper.

"Forgive me, Naomi, for my ungraciousness," he said. "I know that you are one of the noblest of women; but there is a leaven of selfishness in man that makes him impatient of high principles when they oppose the tide of his passion. You are good and unselfish and true, and strong as a rock. You are not like Byron's women, Naomi. They are love incarnate; ready to sacrifice themselves or their lover at the shrine of love. They look neither backward nor forward; with them the present is infinite and eternal, and the present is love. They are gloriously happy for a little while; then come despair and ruin, and they die untimely, broken-hearted. They are not made

"Through years or moons the inner weight to bear,
Which colder hearts endure till they are laid
By age in earth."

"Do you want me to be like that?" asked Naomi. "It seems a hard destiny."

"No, Naomi, but I wish you had less thoughtfulness and more feeling."

"You have not sounded the depths of my heart," she answered, with her grave smile.

"No; because you keep its treasures too closely guarded. Come, dearest, only tell me that you love me, and I will be satisfied."

"And you will abide by my father's decision?"

"Yes; for I cannot believe he would be so cruel as to part."

"Then I will tell you the truth. I love you with all my heart. You have changed all things in my life. I used to have great thoughts of doing some good work, far away, among heathen children in strange, benighted lands. They are all gone now. I have no thought—except love and duty to my father—that does not belong to you."

"Bless you, Naomi, for that sweet confession. I fear nothing now. Your father would have parted us long ago, if he had meant to part us ever. I am content to abide his decision, but I wanted the assurance of love from your own dear lips."

Cheered by this assurance, Oswald was very happy for the rest of that summer afternoon, and the tranquil radiance in Naomi's eyes told of an equal, and perhaps a deeper joy. They wandered on that bright shore, and made believe to be interested in the study of natural history; but their talk drifted away from jelly-fish, and sea-weeds, and rosy, shining shells to vague speculations about their own future—Oswald talking of what he would do for Combhollow by and by, when the Squire should sleep with his forefathers, and how his brother Arnold would come back and live with them, and how Naomi should build a new chapel for her father and a school for her own little flock, and the grocery business should be handed over to Jim and Aunt Judith, and Joshua should have more leisure for his duties as preacher and teacher.

The westering sun warned them that it was time to look for James, and to think of getting back to the Traveler's Rest, where they were to meet Joshua after his labors. Oswald looked at a large white-faced watch that had belonged to his mother, and was not the most reliable of timekeepers. It was a quarter to five; so they walked slowly back to the point at which they had descended, and climbed the devious way to the castle rock, where they had the satisfaction of finding James seated at the base of the crag, with the basket between his knees, devouring the remains of the pasty.

"Where have you been hiding yourself all the afternoon, Jim?" asked Naomi.

"Ah, I daresay; a deal you've looked for me. Where have you been all the afternoon? down on the beach making a regular panorama of yourselves. You didn't know anybody was looking, did you? You didn't know I was on the top of the cliff all the time enjoying the view. Never mind, Naomi, I forgive you."

"We've had a very happy afternoon, Jim, and Naomi has promised to be my wife—with her father's consent."

Jim clapped his hands, and performed a kind of war-dance on the little bit of sunburnt sward at the foot of the crag.

"I'm so glad," he said. "Of course I saw what was coming—at least I saw that you and Naomi were getting very fond of each other, and thought you were the right sort, and wouldn't be ashamed to marry a grocer's daughter if you loved her dearly—like Caro'line in the song, who married the sailor bold."

And Jim began, with strong Devonian twang, to sing the opening verse of a popular ballad—

"Caroline was a nobleman's daughter."

Oswald was too deep in love just now to be struck by the idea that this would be rather an inconvenient brother-in-law; and perhaps Jim was not much more vulgar than boyhood is in general.

They went back to the village of Rockmouth through the valley, instead of taking the narrow path on the cliff, and there was some loitering by the way to dig fern-roots from the interstices of a low stone wall. It was a pleasant sauntering walk; but they contrived to reach the Traveler's Rest just as the clock struck six. Dobbin was harnessed, and standing patiently before the door; Joshua Haggard sat in the porch talking to a little group of men.

He showed some surprise at seeing Oswald with his children, but greeted him with hearty friendliness. Jim stowed away the empty basket, Naomi took her seat in the chaise-cart without loss of time, Herne the Hunter was brought out of his stable, and the little party started on the return journey, Herne curveting beside the near wheel of the cart, while his master talked to Naomi and her father.

What a delightful homeward drive that was, by hill and dale, across those wide rippling commons, where the yellow gorse looked pale in the twilight; past those deep and silent valleys, where a lonely homestead here and there made the solitude seem more intense; through hamlets that had a sleepy look already, as if half their little world had gone to bed! And by and by the full round harvest moon rose yonder above the sea, and steeped all this fair world in glory.

Something in that moonlight splendor moved Oswald—as Nature's deepest beauties are apt to move hearts that love—and he leant over to Naomi and clasped her hand; and in that hand-clasp it seemed to both as if they locked their lives for ever.

Oswald had an interview with Joshua Haggard next day, and pleaded his cause with warmth and generous feeling, to which Naomi's father responded with perfect frankness.

"I am not too proud to confess that I am proud of your choice," he said. "I know it is out of the beaten track for the son of a land-owner—a man of old family—to marry a tradesman's daughter. If I were a wholesale trader in the city of London, and had made a million of money, it would be a different thing. I know that hard things will be said of such a marriage, and that there are people who will slight your wife if you are not wise enough to keep her out of their way. I know all this, Mr. Pentreath; and yet, knowing also that here are two fresh unsullied young hearts cleaving to each other naturally like twin hazelnuts in the same shell, I cannot bring myself to study the world's opinion, and to withhold my consent to your marriage with my daughter."

"I knew you would not," cried Oswald, impetuously.

"All I ask—and that I insist upon—is that this marriage shall not be entered upon rashly; that you shall have ample time to know your own mind, to weigh the consequences of such an act, to make sure against the possibility of repentance. You are both young—Naomi only on the threshold of womanhood. Give me your promise that you will think no more of marriage for the next two years; that in all your communion with my daughter you will keep within the bounds of a sober friendship; that there shall be no foolish love-talk between you. And if at the end of those two years your heart still inclines to her, if you still believe that it will be for the happiness of both that you should marry, I will freely give my blessing on your union, and feel that I have wronged no man."

"Those are somewhat hard conditions, Mr. Haggard," said Oswald, reduced from rapture to disappointment. "You will surely allow me to be considered Naomi's affianced husband during these two years of probation?"

"Not so, Mr. Pentreath. You will be welcome here as the friend of the household; but I will sanction no engagement between you and my daughter till the end of the time I have named. I ask only for your promise that you will be Naomi's friend, and not her lover. I think I can trust you: I know that I can trust my daughter."

"I would submit to the hardest conditions rather than be parted from Naomi," replied Oswald, after a pause; "and I know that she will obey you, however hard your decree. It must be so, then, I suppose, Mr. Haggard. I will say no word to Naomi that a household friend might not say; I will forbear from all talk of our future; I will give her reverence and honor, and keep all sweeter thoughts and hopes locked in my heart."

"There is my hand upon it, Oswald," said Joshua, calling the Squire's son by his Christian name for the first time. "You shall be like a son of the house henceforward. And now let me ask you a question. Has your father any idea of your attachment to Naomi?"

"He knows that I have spent many an evening at your house—I have never kept that a secret from him—and I think, from certain hints and innuendoes of his, that he has suspected the nature of the attraction that has drawn me here so often. I do not believe that he would entertain any strong objection to my marriage with Naomi, and if he did object, I should refuse to submit to his arbitration in this matter. He has not been so tender a father that I should sacrifice my inclination to his whims."

"He is your father," said Joshua, "and you are bound to obey him."

"Yes, in all right things. But I do not think that he will oppose any hindrance to my free choice of a wife, so long as I choose one who has been carefully brought up, and who will not squander the money he has scraped together."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SQUIRE MAKES A BARGAIN.

Another year had gone in gentle tranquility—a year marked by no shadow of trouble, doubt or dissension in Joshua Haggard's household. Oswald had been true to his promise, and had held religiously to his prescribed position as a friend of the family. The simple, uneventful life had glided on in its allotted course; the tea-drinkings in the parlor; aunt Judith's lectures on the economics and duties of existence; dawdling evenings in the wilderness, in which nothing progressed but the gray-worsted stocking on Naomi's shining needles, which, being only taken off to give place to another stocking of exactly the same shape and color, seemed to Oswald a fair type of eternity; the Scripture-reading and exhortation at eventide; the homely suppers and friendly partings with Naomi and her father at the little wooden gate—placid, monotonous joys, which had not yet begun to pall upon Oswald Pentreath. If there had been any hollowness in Joshua's life, any shams to be discovered in his household, familiarity would have vulgarized this quiet home circle, but all here was good and true. Even aunt Judith, though far from pleasant, was at this stage of her existence transparent as the daylight. There were no skeletons in cupboards for the stranger to stumble upon unawares, no domestic dustholes to reveal themselves to the disgusted explorer.

Very quiet and peaceful and passionless was this courtship which was no courtship, and yet meant as much to the two actors in the little comedy as if they had been lovers of the most romantic type, and had never opened their mouths save to pour forth a torrent of sentimentality. No cloistered nun was ever truer to her vow than Naomi to the promise she had made her father that there should be no talk of love or marriage between her and Oswald during this time of probation; and Oswald, although given to occasional little gusts of rebellion, was fain to submit and to accept his position with a good grace.

"I am like a shopboy in your father's employment," he said. "If I behave pretty well during my apprenticeship, and keep my fingers out of the sugar and figs, and refrain from extracting odd sixpences out of the till, I am to be taken as a partner when I am out of my time. I am on trial; isn't that it, Naomi?"

"It is your future happiness that is on trial, Oswald. If you can be constant to friendship you will be constant to——"

"Hush!" cried the young man, putting his hand upon her lips. "The forbidden word was nearly out."

Naomi blushed, and hastened the flight of her knitting needles, while Oswald laughed heartily at his small joke.

They were innocently happy together in these fair summer days, like children in ignorance of all the world outside the narrow circle of their individual lives, with not one thought or desire hidden from each other, and finding it as natural to be together, to think together, to hope together, and to dream together, as if they had been a new Ferdinand and Miranda, and this quiet nook, Combhollow, an enchanted island.

With Jim for their companion they wandered in the Squire's wood and park, and Herne had easy, dreamy days in his loose-box, where he stood with his head hanging down as if he had done with the world, and had not strength left in him for another mile; while Oswald taught Naomi how to use her pencil in copying lopsided old elms with yawning chasms in their trunks, or a little bit of rugged bank clothed with ferns and bright with foxgloves. Her intense love of nature made art easy to her.

It is not to be supposed that the life of Mr. Haggard's daughter was given over altogether to a blissful idleness such as this—to dreamy afternoons in the wood, to the cultivation of Nature's wildlings in her wilderness, and to primitive efforts with a lead pencil. She was up at five on these summer mornings, and helped Sally in the performance of her house-cleaning till breakfast time. It was Naomi who arranged the parlors and polished the old mahogany tables and bureaus, and brightened all the brasswork, and kept every bit of old Chelsea or Battersea ware free from dust and stain. That tall straight figure of hers was none the worse for assiduous table-rubbing, which widened her chest and gave lissomness to her limbs; and her clear, pale complexion was all the better for early hours and an active life. The flower-pots were in Naomi's care, and a withered leaf on fuchsia or geranium—fuchsias were new in those days, and esteemed highly by floriculturists—would have been a kind of disgrace. She starched and ironed all the muslin curtains, and aunt Judith's idea of gentility demanded a great deal of decorative drapery in starched muslin.

The house linen was also in Naomi's charge, and many a modern housekeeper who gives thirty or forty guineas for a dinner dress might blush on comparing her linen closet with that roomy, lavender-scented repository at the head of the staircase, where Naomi kept her glistening tablecloths and Irish linen sheets and pillow-cases, all neatly marked by her own hands, and laid in orderly piles along the broad oak shelves. Naomi had the care of her father's and brother's wardrobes, and kept everything in neat repair, taking as much pains with a difficult job of darning as a young lady of the present day would devote to an elaborate achievement in *point Turque* or *point de Venise*. Naomi made her own dresses, which were not uselessly numerous, and occasionally confectioned some decorative article for Aunt Judith, who required to be propitiated with an industrious effort of that kind now and then.

It will be seen, therefore, that when Mr. Haggard's daughter enjoyed the sweets of Arcadian leisure, she had fairly earned the privilege of idleness. No unhemmed duster cried out against her; no buttonless shirt, lurking in drawer or wardrobe, bore witness to her neglect. Life smiled at her with its serenest smile, and no accusing twinge of conscience reminded her of a forgotten duty.

Whether the Squire had known of his son's attachment to the dissenter's daughter from the time when Oswald's visits to the Haggards became frequent, or whether the fact revealed itself to him suddenly this summer through the gossip of Combhollow, would be difficult to decide. The Squire was a gentleman who could be as blind as a mole when it pleased him, or as sharp-sighted as a ferret if sharp-sightedness suited his purpose. On this occasion he played the mole, and pretended to know nothing, until one midsummer day, when he pounced upon his son at dinner time, with a sudden charge.

"So, sir: you have been deceiving me," he exclaimed; "you have taken advantage of the liberty I give you, to form low acquaintance."

"What do you mean by low acquaintance?" asked Oswald, turning pale. "I associate with none who can be called by that name."

"What, sir! are you not hail-fellow-well-met with that grocer, Haggard?"

"I thought you professed republican sentiments, sir, and despised the petty differences of social rank."

"So I do, when a duke undersells me by letting his land at so low a rate that mine will hardly bring me three per cent.; but I don't want my son and heir to keep company with counter jumpers. Trade is an honorable calling, I'm republican enough to admit that; but this friend of yours is a Jack-of-all-trades, and deals in fire and brimstone on Sundays. I might forgive him for being a grocer, but I can't forgive him for being a canting, hypocritical knave."

"Why should you call him that? You don't know him; and you, who have no religion at all, cannot be prejudiced against him because he is a dissenter."

"I call him canter and hypocrite because he trades on his piety and sells his tea, and sugar, and candles faster than any other tradesman on the strength of his Sunday ranting."

Oswald kept his temper with an effort. Abuse of Joshua Haggard was more than a man who loved Naomi could meekly bear.

"I happen to know Mr. Haggard thoroughly," he said, "and I know that he is honest as a trader and earnest as a preacher—that piety with him is no sham put on to serve a purpose—that in the old days, when persecution was the reward of faith, he would have testified to his belief at the stake. Yes, sir; this homely village shopkeeper is of the stuff that martyrs are made of."

"I wish there were any probability of the wear and tear of this stuff being roughly tested," retorted the Squire. "However, this is wide of the purpose, young gentleman. I want to know what you mean by courting this Methodist's daughter."

"What courtship generally means, sir—the prelude to marriage."

"What! you—Oswald Pentreath—seriously intend to marry a grocer's daughter?"

"Certainly, my dear father, if she will have me. I think you should be flattered that your son shows himself so apt a disciple of your gospel of liberty."

The Squire, who had lived through that all-uprooting whirlwind in history, the French Revolution, had often preached second-hand Marat and Danton to his son, to say nothing of second-hand Wilkes; but he was not prepared to have his opinions cast back in his teeth after this practical fashion.

"Then you mean to marry this girl?" he said.

"I do, sir. I shall be sorry if my marriage offends you, but as it is a matter which involves the happiness of my life, you must not be angry if I choose for myself."

"A pretty choice for a gentleman's son," exclaimed the Squire.

"Supposing it were a bad choice, which I deny, what opportunities have I had for making a better? You have chosen to live your own life; you have shut yourself up in this house and isolated yourself from your fellow-men; you have kept me so complete a pauper that I could not venture to make a friend in my own station, lest I should be put to open shame some day on account of my empty pockets. I have accepted the life patiently enough. I have assumed a pride that I never felt, to save myself from humiliation. I have fenced myself round with a dogged reserve, to escape the degradation of being patronized by men who are my inferiors in all but purse."

"How much money can this parson of yours give his daughter?" asked the Squire, suddenly changing his note.

"That is a question I have never thought of asking."

"Humph!" muttered the aggravated father. "You ought to have been a prince in a fairy tale. You've about as much sense as that young man who picked up the glass slipper, and offered to marry the first woman who could get her foot into it. Now hark ye, sir, if Joshua Haggard can give his daughter five thousand pounds on her wedding-day—no settlements or rubbish of that sort, mind you—you can marry her without let or hindrance from me, and you can bring her home here. One young woman won't make much difference in the housekeeping, I suppose, for the first year or so."

"I don't know about the five thousand pounds," replied Oswald, "but I thank you for the friendliness of your offer. I believe Mr. Haggard has saved money; but I should not like him to think I had any expectation of gain in proposing for his daughter."

He told his father of his promise to Joshua, and under what conditions he was received in the minister's household.

"I have another year to serve before my apprenticeship is finished," he said. "I shall give you proper notice of my marriage, you may be assured."

"That's dutiful; but be sure you don't marry without a dowry. A few thousand pounds spent on improvements as the leases run out would raise our rents five-and-twenty per cent. As far as my own inclination goes, I'd as leave you married the grocer's daughter as the finest lady in the land, or leaver. I want no fine lady here to waste and squander, to find fault with the old-fashioned furniture, and quarrel with the old servants, and spend a fortune on new fangled flowers with Latin names, as some do."

Oswald was deeply grateful for thus much favor; and father and son spent the rest of the evening in the friendliest manner, the old Squire prosing about his estate, the rents he got as against the rents he ought to get, leases that were nearly run out, and leases that had a long time to run; but not by one word did he hint at money saved and invested.

"I sometimes wonder what becomes of your rental, father," said Oswald. "We seem to spend so little, and yet you never have any money."

"Ah," groaned the Squire, "I was a fool in my time; I've had to pay for my folly. And you don't suppose that a house like this is kept up for nothing—servants to pay, two horses in the stable; and we all eat and drink, remember."

"I should have thought four hundred a year would pay for everything."

"Should you?" cried the Squire, ironically. "You know no more of figures than a baby. Wait till I'm under the sod, and see how far four hundred a year will go in a barrack of a house like this."

"But the empty rooms don't eat and drink, father, if we do."

"I can't argue with a fool," cried the Squire, testily.

Oswald was very glad to have got over the revelation of his engagement to Naomi so easily. That condition about a dowry was something of a stumbling-block; but he felt assured that Joshua did not mean his daughter to be portionless, and there was plenty of time for all business-like discussion. He felt happier in his wooing after that talk with his father—more at ease with Naomi, better satisfied with himself.

The Squire was a practical man, and having made up his mind upon a subject, was not slow in putting his ideas into action. Three days after having come to an understanding with his son, the old man presented himself at Joshua Haggard's front-door in the drowsy afternoon. Sally, the maid-of-all-work, started back as if she had seen a vision on opening the door to that formidable visitor. She had just sense enough to usher Mr. Pentreath into the best parlor, and just strength enough to totter to the opposite room, where Naomi sat at her plain sewing. There was a drizzling rain falling from the dull gray sky, and no possibility of Arcadian rambles on this particular afternoon. Jim was in the shop, being inducted into the mysteries of stock-taking.

"It's the Squire," gasped Sally, "and he wants to see your father."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE BEST VEGETABLES TO PLANT.

Scribner's Monthly is printing a series of timely and practical papers in its "Home and Society" department, entitled "Rural Topics," by the well-known horticulturist, P. T. Quinn. The following is from the May number:

April and May are the two busy months in a well-managed vegetable garden. During these months the most important work of the season has to be hurried through, for planting time is short, and there are many small matters that need prompt attention. First of all is the selection of choice garden seeds of recent growth, and such as will be found true to name. The surest way is to select from each year's crop a few of the best specimens of the same to raise seed from. For the rest, send to some responsible seed merchant, and don't depend on the kind of stock found in small boxes in the country grocery stores. As a matter of reference for those not familiar with the best sorts of vegetable seeds and plants, I append the following list, naming two or three kinds of each to select from.

Dwarf Beans—Early Valentine and Refugee.

Pole Beans—Dark Red Egyptian and Long Smooth Blood.

Cabbage—Jersey Wakefield (early), and Premium Flat Dutch and Drumhead Savoy (late).

Cucumber—White Spine and Long Green.

Carrot.—Bliss' Improved Long Orange.

Corn—Moore's Early and Stowell's Evergreen.

Cauliflower—Early and Late Erfurt.

Celery—Dwarf Incomparable and Boston Market.

Egg Plant—Improved New York.

Lettuce—Curled Silesia and Butter.

Musk Melon—Skillman's Fine Netted.

Water Melon—Mountain Sweet.

Onions—Wetherfield Red and White Portugal.

Parsnips—Long Smooth.

Peas—Philadelphia Extra Early, Carter's First Crop, Champion of England, and White Marrowfat.

Peppers—Large Squash and Bullnose.

Radishes—Turnip Scarlet, Long Scarlet, and White Spanish.

Squash—Summer Crookneck, Boston Marrow, and Hubbard.

In this brief list will be found the leading kinds grown both by market and private gardeners near large cities. With bush beans, peas, and radishes, it is best to repeat the sowings every two or three weeks, until the middle of June. By following this plan, a fresh supply of these sorts will keep coming on for table use until late in the season.

* * *

BE brave always. Misfortune, sorrow, and obstacles call for all the courage of humanity. To be brave is to be beneficial; it is in time of trouble that we most need courage, for by it we not only strengthen ourselves, but can help others. The dross of the metal is always eliminated by the fire through which it passes. So shall sorrow purify and strengthen us; they are the bravest hearts who go to the front.

TIME'S COURSE.

Your touch is light,
And your words are bright
And sweet with a musical chime,
As they roll along
With the same old song
They sung in the olden time.

The days flit by
With a smile, a sigh,
And the months roll on into years;
But love's bright glow
Is over me so
I've never a thought of tears.

Do you bring me care?
Ah, yes! but the wear
Is so light when a joy is nigh,
That it goes for naught,
And the soul is wrought
More pure by a passing sigh.

Do you bring me grief?
For a night, but relief
Still comes with the passing hours,
And never a day
So dark but the ray
Of the sun still gladdens the flowers.

Not sad—oh, Time!—
But glad is the chime
Of your waves as they onward roll,
And I know, at last,
You will carry me past
All woe that can harrow my soul.—M.

AUNT ELIZA'S GHOST STORY.

BY ANONYMA.

The clock had struck eleven. We were still sitting on the hearthrug, over the remains of the wood fire that had sparkled and crackled in the huge old fireplace, filling the room with its light and warmth, now reduced to a few bright coals, casting occasional glimmerings of fitful light over the low ceiling of the spacious room. We had begun our "ante-bed" talk, under the influence of the bright fire, and it had been gay and frolicksome, so, under the influence of the dying fire, our conversation became more subdued and sober.

There was a slight tap at the door, which startled us, and Aunt Eliza's bright face peeped in.

"Why, girls, not in bed yet?"

"Oh, Aunt Eliza," we exclaimed, "come in and tell us a ghost story."

She came in and took her seat on the rug in our midst.

"I can't tell a ghost story," she said, "but I will tell you what happened to me once, and you can call it what you please—but it is true, perfectly true."

We all knew Aunt Eliza; no truer woman, in every sense of the word, lived than her, and we knew hers to be an "o'er true tale," if she says so.

"Well," she began boldly at first, but with an earnest tremulousness in her voice as she progressed that showed time had not obliterated traces of the excitement her experience must have produced in her at the moment, "some twelve years ago, your uncle had a little controversy about some land, in a certain country on the Mississippi river, which, after much delay, it was agreed by the parties, should be settled by arbitration. The case compelled your uncle to spend some weeks in G——, the country seat of the county where the land lay. Ever since our marriage I had kept your uncle's papers and accounts for him, for he was a most careless man in his business. So he insisted I could be of service to him in G——, in preparing and classifying his memoranda for the hands of the umpire.

"Well, to make my story short, I went with him, leaving the house and the children and the servants to take care of themselves and each other. The day before I left I rode into town to see Mrs. D——, an intimate friend, to tell her of my going, and to ask her to ride over to the plantation once in a while, and 'have an eye to things' there, which she readily promised to do.

"I staid a whole week in G——, in a miserable, dirty tavern, making memoranda and copying testimony, and helping all I could to 'get order out of the chaos' of an old, unsettled, badly managed partnership. Saturday night, I lay me down on the hard, tavern bed, pretty well worn out with the kind of work distasteful to most women, and, just then, doubly so to me.

"Early Sunday morning — it was scarcely light that short December day—I woke with an undefinable longing to go home right away on the first boat. I could listen to no persuasions from your uncle. I felt like something was going on amiss at home.

"So, about ten o'clock, a large boat stopped at G—— on her downward trip. The clerk, a hunchback, came ashore to receive some freight. Your uncle put me under his charge, and we were soon off. There were few passengers, and I sat alone all day; so, as night drew near, I felt exceedingly nervous and anxious. One by one the passengers dropped off, until I was left sole occupant of the long, dreary-looking saloon. A cabin boy passed along, silently extinguishing all the lights except one burner in each chandelier. I knew I would reach home about midnight, so there was no use in going to bed, even if I could have slept. On one table was a Bible; I opened it, and vainly tried to read. The light was dim, and, besides, I could not concentrate my thoughts.

"I closed the book and looked up and down. There was not a soul visible in the long cabin of that boat, which seemed to me then, and seems to me still, the longest boat I ever was on. At the extreme bow end was a piano between the two doors that opened upon the guards, or a back way, I never knew which. There was a *Frank Leslie*, or something of that sort, a pictorial, lying upon the sofa. I tried to look at the pictures, and I mechanically turned the leaves, but I literally saw nothing.

"At last, as a last resort—I couldn't sit still, I couldn't read, I couldn't sleep—I got up and walked the cabin some distance up and down, and up again, when, behold! standing in the doorway, on the left of the piano, was Mrs. D——, the same light dress upon her she wore the day we parted, the same sweetly sad smile upon her face, and, with extended hand, as though to greet me. I was perhaps twenty feet off, but my eyes were rivetted upon her. I quickened my step, my eye brightened, my lips were forming words of affection. I put forth my hand—touched her. A thrill went through me like what would have been imparted by sudden contact with cold, burnished brass. My hand had touched the bolt of the door—the door was close shut—the cabin was empty!

"I heard my own heart beat like a drum, as I sank, appalled, upon a sofa. A voice roused me:

"'Is anything the matter with you, madam?'

"It was the voice of the hunchback clerk.

"'I have been watching you some minutes from my office window; you seem painfully nervous.'

"I could only answer I was nervous. So he sat by me, trying to interest me—talking, talking; I never had the remotest idea what the poor man was saying. His voice was still droning in my ears, when the sudden whistle of the boat announced my proximity to home. The whistle and the bell made a fearful din. It was past two o'clock, that witching hour, when the boat landed in front of our home. The carriage driver, John, was seen coming rapidly down from the house with a lantern.

"I could not wait for the boat to be made secure, or the plank run out, or hardly for John to get within reach of my voice.

"'All well at home, John?'

"'All well, missus,' rung out the negro's cheery voice, as we walked up to the house, John and I, all alone.

"'And the children, John?'

"'All well, missus.'

"'And Mrs. D——, John?' I found courage to say.

"'Oh, Lord! missus, Mrs. D—— died yesterday morning, afore day.'

"'Oh, John!' I cried.

"'Yes, missus; it was awful sudden like; she was tuck with a apoplexy at the dinner-table Saturday, and she never knowed nothing arterwards—she died, peaceful like, afore day, Sunday.'"

Aunt Eliza rose with the words of the faithful negro upon her lips, kissed us all silently, and vanished from the room. The last glimmering of light had disappeared from the coals and from the hearth full of ashes, and so we girls crept silently to bed.

—*Noah's Sunday Times, New York.*

A LIST OF CONJURORS.

The conjurors led a hard life in the middle ages, and some of their tricks, according to the tales told by their historians, must have been not only difficult but unpleasant. Thus, for instance, we are told that on a dispute arising between Zeito, of Bohemia, and a German conjurer, "the former, who was a little deformed man, with a very large mouth, ended it by swallowing his rival, ejecting his boots only, which were very dirty. He then withdrew, but in a short time returned, accompanied by the man whom he had swallowed." About a century later Cornelius Aggrippa performed such terrible feats of necromancy, by the aid, no doubt, of his faithful attendant, a black dog, that it is a wonder he was allowed to die peaceably in his bed, which he is supposed to have done some years before the time when Faust was carried off by the devil. In a later age the conjurors had the mob to fear as well as the law, and there is a certain Dr. Lamb mentioned by Baxter whose skill alarmed the people so much that they murdered him. In the last century several conjurors gained a considerable reputation. There was Fawkes, who performed the flower trick of the Indians; Katterfelto, "at his own wonders wondering," whose black cat appeared one moment with a tail, and the next without any; Pinetti, who introduced a clairvoyant at his entertainments, and made an automatic figure perform all the feats of the rope dancers; and the celebrated Von Kempelen, who invented the automatic chess-player. Then there was Cagliostro, a great rascal of the type of Dousterswivel, who cheated a wealthy goldsmith much in the same manner as that knavish German cheated Sir Arthur Wardour; there was Rollin, who died by the guillotine, and exclaimed, on seeing the warrant for his execution, "That is the first paper I cannot conjure away!" The present age has not been far behind its predecessors in skilful jugglers and magicians, nor has it been wholly free from the superstition exhibited in early times. Chalon transformed a bird into a young lady; Sutton improved upon the trick by serving her in an enormous pie; and Ching, whose celestial origin is doubtful, concluded his feats "by sitting in the air, apparently upon nothing, like the Brahmin of Madras." Anderson, who claimed to have received his title of "Wizard of the North" from Sir Walter Scott himself, was one of the most successful of modern conjurors, and introduced several new tricks. In one of them he is said to have anticipated by more than thirty years a deception practiced by the Spiritualists. He produced a piece of paper on which three or four gentlemen wrote their names, or any words or sentence, one of them afterwards burning the paper. Anderson then produced a basket of eggs, sprinkled the ashes of the paper over the eggs with the gravity of a mediæval magician, and then requested a gentleman to select an egg from the basket. On the egg being broken a perfect fac simile of the burned writing was found in the inside. Anderson had an umbrella, on which were engraved the words "Great Wizard of the North." This caused apprehension frequently among the country folk. On one occasion, while staying at an inn, no one could be found to enter his room, and his meals were placed outside; the bill was also delivered in the same fashion, and great was the relief when the awful wizard took his departure. At another time Anderson had taken lodgings at Forres, when the fatal inscription on the umbrella caught the eye of the landlady. "A weezard, are ye?" said the affrighted widow. "Then for the love of gudeness gang oot o' my house! I wadna lodge ye for ae nicht under my roof nae for a' the world. For the love o' heaven gang awa, and tak your umbrella wi ye." Anderson did not escape from the old lady so easily, for, on throwing him the money he had deposited, she exclaimed that it burned her fingers, and fell down in a swoon. In her fall she cut her face and caused it to bleed. The neighbors declared Anderson had murdered the woman, and it was not until after spending a night in the jail that he obtained his release.

The huge, drastic, griping, sickening pills, constructed of crude, coarse and bulky ingredients, are fast being superseded by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, or Sugar-Coated, Concentrated Root and Herbal Juice, Anti-Bilious Granules—the "Little Giant" Cathartic or *Multum in Parvo* Physic. Modern Chemical Science enables Dr. Pierce to extract from the juices of the most valuable roots and herbs their active medicinal principles, which, when worked into little Pellets or Granules, *scarcely larger than a mustard seed*, renders each little Pellet as active and powerful as a large pill, while they are much more palatable and pleasant in effect.

DR. IRA A. THAYER, of Baconsburg, Ohio, writes: "I regard your Pellets as the best remedy for the conditions for which you prescribe them of anything I have ever used, so mild and certain in effect, and leaving the bowels in an excellent condition. It seems to me they must take the place of all other cathartic pills and medicines."

LYON & MACOMBER, druggists, Vermillion, D. T., say: "We think they are going to sell like hot cakes as soon as people get acquainted with them and will spoil the pill trade, as those that have used them like them much better than large pills."

POSTSCRIPTS.

—Mexico is in her element again—another revolution.

—They have "missionary sugar parties" in New Hampshire.

—The hens of France are said to earn their owners $50,000,000 a year, and their motto is "eggs-celsior."

—There are now 73,000 churches in the United States, about one to every 500 inhabitants.

—The classic styles are now prevailing in Paris. They call it decolletée over there; we know it as neck-edness.

—The bed on which Mr. Stewart died was of the most elegant description, built of solid rosewood and inlaid with gold.

—During the year 1875 no less than three hundred and thirty-seven American hotels were burned, and not a hotel clerk so much as scorched.

—An entertainment called a "musical bee" has been invented in London, at which prizes are offered to the best amateur piano players and singers at sight.

—The tribes on the west coast of Africa have been fighting for three years past for the possession of an African Helen with the unromantic name of Mebbo.

—A married man, as he handed out twenty dollars for his wife's new spring bonnet, feelingly remarked that "it is the milliner that prevents a man becoming a millionaire."

—The latest custom in some of our fashionable hotels is for ladies to recline on the stairs and promenade the corridors with gentlemen while they smoke their cigars.

—The corruption of the times has gone so far, that two men have been detected at Wilton, Ct., in the attempt, by washing and pasting, to use a one cent postal card the second time.

—A decree was promulgated in France on the 5th instant, fixing the first of May, 1878, as the date for opening the Universal Exposition. World's fairs appear to have become an established feature of the period.

—A conspicuous trait in Dom Pedro's character is that he is no "deadhead." He pays his own bills, speaks his own mind, and does as he pleases, without interfering with the rights, privileges or business of anybody—a model as a king, an example as a man.

—The regular army of the United States consists of 25,346 members, of whom the officers, including the professors and cadets at West Point, number 2816. There are ten regiments of cavalry, five of artillery, and twenty-five of infantry.

—A beautiful female lobbyist says that one tear, if it can be so shed as to reflect the light of a bright setting sun, will have more power over the average Congressman than all the arguments that could be compressed into a two hours' conversation.

—Mr. Proctor will sail for Europe from New York on the 3d of May. During this visit he has lectured one hundred and forty times, in a region bounded by Nebraska on the west, Minnesota on the north, Kentucky on the south, and New Brunswick on the northeast.

—Facsimiles of all the playing cards collected in the British Museum are being made by Dr. Willshire. Some are as ancient as the Egyptian dynasty, and in many cases they were used for a help in divination. Probably many of the old tricks are still preserved by the Gypsies.

—From recent statistics it was shown that London has about 7864 cabs, of which 4223 are four-wheeled, and 3641 hansoms. These cabs are owned by 2890 different proprietors, and are let out by the day to licensed drivers, of whom there are 10,093. The number of horses kept for cab purposes exceeds 23,000.

—A new ballot box has been invented by a citizen of Great Barrington, Mass. A thumb spring opens a slit in the top of the box for the depositing of the ballot, and on the front are two dials, one registering every ballot, and the other every hundredth ballot. The ends are of plate glass, so that the inquisitive citizen can watch the accumulation of votes.

—Since reading that A. T. Stewart "frequently forgot the fact of his ownership of certain small pieces of property valued at from $10,000 to $20,000 each," and that "it was only with difficulty that he could be made to recall the purchases," we have been racking our brains in the hope of making similar discoveries. Thus far memory continues to prove treacherous.

AT our request, Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, have promised to send any of our readers, gratis (on receipt of fifteen cents to pay postage), a sample of Dobbins' Electric soap to try. Send at once.

RECEIPTS.

IT is said that raw eggs and milk are a sure remedy for poison of any kind taken into the stomach. This is information that may do a deal of good if remembered, and cannot possibly be productive of any harm. Paste it in your scrap book.

A TABLESPOONFUL of black pepper put in the first water in which gray and buff linens are washed will keep the colors of black or colored cambrics or muslins from running, and does not harden the water. A little gum arabic imparts a gloss to ordinary starch.

WHITEWASH.—For in-door work take two pounds of Paris whiting, one ounce of glue; dissolve the glue in warm water; mix the whiting with warm water, then stir in the glue and thin with warm water. This is the best whitewash for ceilings ever made.

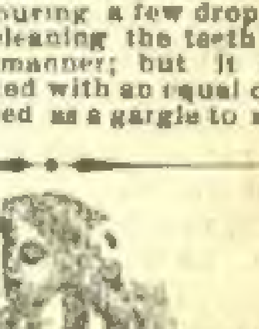
TO MEND CHINAWARE.—Take a very thick solution of gum arabic, and stir into it plaster of Paris, until the mixture is of proper consistency. Apply it with a brush to the fractured edges of the chinaware and stick them together. In a few days it will be impossible to break the article in the same place. The whiteness of the cement renders it doubly valuable.

IMITATION EBONY.—To stain any common light-colored wood to resemble ebony, rub it repeatedly over with a solution of sulphate of iron (green copperas); let it dry, and then apply a hot infusion of logwood and oak-bark two or three times. When dry, wipe it over with a flannel, or sponge with clean water; finally, a day or two afterwards, polish the wood with linseed oil varnish or French polish.

BEEF TEA.—Cut into small bits a quantity of good, tender beef, and with a small quantity of water put it in a strong porter or ale bottle; cork tight, and tie the cork with a cord or wire, as the corks of ale bottles are usually tied. Put into a kettle of water, to heat as the water heats, and boil two hours. Upon pouring out the liquor you have beef tea, with all the elements of the beef retained.

DULL RAZORS.—Barbers often tell us that razors get tired of shaving, but, if laid by for twenty days, they will then shave well. By microscopic examination it is found that the tired razor, from long stropping by the same hand, and in the same direction, has the ultimate particles or fibres of its surface or edge all arranged in one direction, like the edge of a piece of cut velvet; but, after a month's rest, these fibres rearrange themselves heterogeneously, by crossing each other, and presenting a saw-like edge, each fibre supporting its fellow, and hence cutting the beard, instead of being forced down flat without cutting.

MOUTH WASH.—Persons who have carious teeth, or who desire to rid the mouth and breath of the odor of tobacco, etc., will find the following preparation very beneficial: Take a quarter of an ounce each of dried mint, thyme and lemon thyme; half an ounce of cloves, crushed; half a nutmeg, grated; pour on to these ingredients half a pint of any spirit, and let the mixture stand together for two or three days; then strain off the tincture formed, and add ten drops of oil of peppermint. It is then ready for use. Some people use it by pouring a few drops on the toothbrush, and cleaning the teeth with it in the ordinary manner; but it answers equally well if mixed with an equal quantity of water, and applied as a gargle to rinse the mouth.



Youthful Beauty.

A clear skin and a bright complexion has a charm for all. How to obtain it and how to keep it is a secret worth knowing, and one long wished for by the fair sex. A delightful toilet preparation, known as Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth," will most effectually produce the above result. Warranted to be entirely free from any material detrimental or injurious to health. Sold at all druggists. Depot, 5 Gold street, New York. Price 75 cents.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D. 1821

Saturday Evening, May 13, 1876.

NOTICE.

For the convenience of agents, advertisers, and others having business with this paper, and to enable us to fill all orders promptly, we have established agencies in the following cities:

Chicago—133 *Clark St.,*
The Subscription News Co.
Pittsburgh—196 *Penn Ave.,*
C. C. Dunnells, Manager.
Boston—45 *Franklin St.,*
Geo. A. Foxcroft, Jr., Manager.
New York—20 *N. William St.*
Root & Tinker, Managers.
St. Louis—610 *North Fifth St.,*
J. W. Marsh, Manager.
London, Ont.—522 *Richmond St.,*
J. M. Chute & Co., Gen. Agents.
Baltimore—122 *W. Baltimore St.,*
Henry M. Rich, Manager.

A NEW STORY!

We shall give next week the opening chapters of a very interesting story, entitled

A SAILOR'S FORTUNE!

A Romance of the Land and the Ocean.

By FRED HUNTER.

The plot is replete with incident and well conceived in arrangement. It will be sure to please our readers.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS.

Professor Thomas C. Archer, one of the British Centennial Commissioners, in a recent lecture delivered by him in Philadelphia, on "The History of International Expositions, and their Effects on Civilization," made some very interesting and instructive remarks, which we take pleasure in republishing for the benefit of our readers. The idea of an International Exhibition originated, as everybody knows, with the late Prince Albert, and the London Exposition of 1850 was the first World's Fair ever held. Its immediate influence, in England especially, was very remarkable.

Before it began the average Englishman supposed himself equal to five Frenchmen, and at least three representatives of any other nation on the globe. When it closed they had learned that in many things other countries were far in the advance, while in some things they were worthy the very excellent opinion they had had of themselves. Previous to the first exhibition art taste was much degraded; buildings which are now a disgrace were then erected and gazed upon with pride; paintings which are now worth no more than the frames which surround them were hung up with satisfaction, while pottery now scorned by beggars was regarded as almost perfection.

The art schools at that time could counted on one hand; now they numbered between eight and nine thousand, and were rapidly increasing. The institutions opened to teach a scientific knowledge of manufacture and æsthetical knowledge of its finer branches not only continued to multiply, but from the impetus given by the first exhibition sprang the South Kensington Museum, an institution which, with its kindred schools of art instruction, had completely revolutionized the popular idea of perfection.

In order to foster the growth of public taste the government had covenanted to pay a certain sum per year on every student at these schools, and it was only necessary for twelve men to club together and guarantee to a master a certain number of pupils to secure an art teacher in any locality. This *per capita* payment had been gradually reduced as schools of design increased in number, until now the institutions all over the country were nearly self-supporting. All the manufacturers of Europe derived benefit from this comparison of products, and the first undertaking had been followed up by a series of exhibitions in all parts of the civilized world.

Cork and Dublin soon afterwards followed the example of London; next came the Paris Exposition of 1865, and then an art exhibition in Manchester, where the magnificent loan collections of rare paintings, beautiful sculpture, and finely executed engravings entirely changed the taste of the hard-working denizens of that neighborhood.

Two exhibitions were next held in Holland, one at Amsterdam, the other at Harlem. They were purely industrial, and were such successes, and of such direct and indirect benefit, that the Dutch have ever since appeared in similar enterprises in all parts of the world. At about the same time exhibitions were given in Florence, Brussels, Naples, Rome, and several of the French provinces, and all were of great benefit, because they taught the people of the several localities what they did not know, but should be familiar with.

In 1862 the second great exhibition in London was held, and though there was, as it usual in such cases, widely expressed fear of failure, the affair proved a marvellous success, and the English people learned more and more of the great lessons taught them by the first international display.

In 1862 the English had a fine art exhibition, which has never since been equalled. The stimulus given by all these displays had its effect in all parts of the world, and Norway, Sweden, and Denmark were soon holding most successful exhibitions every three years. In the great Paris Exposition of 1867 there was a widening of the first idea, and nationalities were compared and contrasted as never before. The houses, customs, people, sciences, arts, and industries of every nation were kept separate and distinct from all others, and a visitor could learn more in one glance than from a library of precious volumes. This idea was carried still further at Vienna in 1873, and at one of the most picturesque and strangely curious parts of the globe, Moscow, there was a philosophical arrangement of every department of national art, science, manufacture, and general industry, every class of articles being so grouped as to form one of the most teaching exhibitions ever held.

The next great effort was the Centennial Exhibition of the United States, and though like all others it was not warmly received at first, owing to the petty opposition always manifested when such projects are undertaken, the nations had soon found that the Americans were in earnest, and all had come forward with a determination to aid in carrying out the magnificent enterprise to a grand success. While the Americans would be great gainers by the Exhibition about to be opened, the Europeans would be no less benefited, for they would come to realize what seemingly insurmountable obstacles could be overcome by persistence and talent, and how wonderfully a young nation had advanced, not only in material but in æsthetical wealth. More than that, they would learn that the people of this country are their own kith and kin, and their equals if not their peers in general kindness and hospitality, love of culture and right.

THE GATHERING TOGETHER AND ONWARD MARCH OF A GREAT REPUBLIC.

By A. H. WHARTON.

PART XVI.

THE WAR IN THE SOUTH.

The same month, July, 1779, that witnessed the capture of Stony Point, which General Charles Lee, in a sudden access of generous feeling, spoke of as the most brilliant achievement of the kind recorded in the history of any nation; was destined to behold another daring and successful exploit under Major Henry Lee.

The mother of this young officer, it has been whispered, was George Washington's first love, the woman to whose "eye-brow" the dignified chieftain, in his youth, penned "woful ballads," and whom all history must condemn for her wretched taste in having preferred another.

Be this as it may, young Henry Lee was a prime favorite with the commander-in-chief, which, added to his relish for enterprises of a daring nature, made the attack on Paulus Hook a darling project, the plans being made under his immediate supervision. The only difficulty that Washington apprehended was the withdrawal of Lee's force, after the blow should be struck, this fort being on the Jersey shore within cannon-shot of New York.

The dangers connected with the enterprise only added to the zest with which it was undertaken, and fortune favoring the brave, Major Lee completely surprised the enemy, captured one hundred and fifty-nine prisoners, and returned to camp, with a loss of but two or three men, having managed a difficult retreat most successfully.

Washington, in speaking of the attack on Paulus Pook, mentions the confidence inspired by such bold forays into the enemy's country as one of their valuable results, and in a letter to Congress so extolled the bravery, enterprise and address of young Lee that he was soon after rewarded, by that body, with a gold medal.

Washington had now established his headquarters at West Point, and was busied in rendering impregnable this strong fortress, which was afterwards called the "American Gibraltar."

Of the simplicity of his style of living at this time, the following extract from a letter to Dr. John Cochran will give us a correct idea. It is also an interesting historical document, being, as Irving remarks, "the only instance of sportive writing in all Washington's correspondence."

After telling Dr. Cochran that he has invited Mrs. Cochran and Mrs. Livingston to dine with him, on the following day, the general thus warns them with regard to the simple fare that awaits them:

"Since our arrival at this happy spot, we have had a ham, sometimes a shoulder of bacon, to grace the head of the table; a piece of roast beef adorns the foot; and a dish of beans or greens, almost imperceptible, decorates the centre. When the cook has a mind to cut a figure, which I presume will be the case to-morrow, we have two beefsteak pies, or dishes of crabs, in addition, one on each side of the centre dish, dividing the space and reducing the distance between dish and dish to about six feet, which, without them, would be about twelve feet apart. Of late he has had the surprising sagacity to discover that apples will make pies, and it is a question, if, in the violence of his efforts, we do not get one of apples instead of having both of beefsteaks. If the ladies can put up with such entertainment, and will submit to partake of it on plates once tin but now iron (not become so by the labor of scouring), I shall be happy to see them."

Doubtless, as Irving says, the ladies were handed in to their repast of "bacon and greens" with as much courtly grace and ceremony as though they were to be regaled with a luxurious banquet, served on plate and Sevres china.

Amid these same primitive surroundings, Washington welcomed the Chevalier de la Luzerne, minister from France, and bearer of letters from Lafayette. After his first surprise at the "Spartan living" in this mountain fortress, whither he was welcomed with the "thunders of artillery," this French gentleman must have been lost in admiration at the dignity and grace of the host who presided over the simple *menage*.

Increased confidence was soon given to the American cause by the news that Spain had joined France in a league against England, and also that D'Estaing with his fleet had arrived off the coast of Georgia.

Hopes raised by this information regarding the French fleet were, however, doomed to disappointment as the combined forces of D'Estaing and General Lincoln were repulsed from Savannah on the 9th of October; the gallant Count Pulaski being slain, and D'Estaing wounded. This engagement cost the Americans more than five hundred brave men. Sergeant Jasper was slain; and Laurens in the thick of the fight, realizing that all was lost, threw down his sword and prayed for death.

Being forced to relinquish all hope of a combined attack from sea and land on the British in New York, Washington went into winter quarters in huts near Morristown, New Jersey, leaving part of the army in the Highlands, under General Heath, for the protection of West Point.

Preparations being on foot for the augmentation of the British force in the South, and there being nothing further to expect from co-operation with the French fleet, which had been scattered by a storm, Washington detached a large number of his Southern troops for the defence of Georgia and Carolina. This proved to be a wise provision, as in December, Sir Henry Clinton embarked from New York, with 7,000 men, bent upon the capture of Charleston, whose garrison was commanded by General Lincoln.

This winter, opening so gloomily, was illumined by news of a brilliant naval victory off the coast of Scotland, gained by Paul Jones, a Scotchman, who had warmly espoused the American cause. With his Liliputian fleet of three frigates and two smaller vessels, Jones had the courage to attack a British merchant fleet of forty vessels, under the convoy of two frigates, the Serapis and Countess of Scarborough. In the desperate engagement that followed, the Bon Homme Richard and others of the American fleet were lashed to the sides of the heavier frigates of the enemy, making the encounter a hand to hand fight with cutlasses, which ended in the surrender of the British commander. Many of the vessels fell into Jones' hands, and his prizes were estimated at a considerable sum.

The Parliament of Great Britain now voted in favor of a large appropriation of money and 20,000 men to be employed in the prosecution of the American war. This, at a time when the Continental currency had fallen so low that a hundred dollar bill was sold with difficulty for three dollars, was most discouraging. Added to this, the winter of 1779 and 1780 was, like the previous one spent at Valley Forge, unusually severe. The army supplies were insufficient, in consequence of the depression of the government money and credit, and it became necessary to levy a State requisition to prevent the troops from starving, which, be it said, to the lasting honor of New Jersey, was most cheerfully complied with.

During this year, the women of Philadelphia formed a relief association, through whose agency not less than 2200 shirts were supplied to the soldiers of Washington's army. Mrs. Esther Reed and Mrs. Sarah Bache, the daughter of Benjamin Franklin, were actively engaged in this noble work, inspired by patriotic ardor and disinterested charity. In a letter from the Marquis de Lafayette to these ladies, accompanying a handsome donation of one hundred guineas, he begs that they will accept the gift in his wife's name—regarding him as her embassador—expressing, in the most delicate manner, his desire to have the name dearest to him associated with those of the earnest and patriotic women of America.

Again the shifting theatre of the war is changed—this time to the South; and while Washington and his army spent the winter hutted around Morristown, prevented by the inadequacy of their numbers and equipments from attacking the enemy in New York, Clinton was engaged in active operations against Charleston which, though bravely defended for forty-two days, finally yielded to him, May 12, 1780. At this capitulation, 1900 men were surrendered as prisoners of war. The terms were most rigorous, savoring of the cruelty and despotism of the middle ages, and all persons refusing to comply with them were declared to be *enemies and rebels, and treated accordingly.* Many leading men of Charleston were sent as prisoners to St. Augustine; others were cast into prison-ships in the harbor, and we read with sadness of heart of more than five hundred of the former garrison of this city who, maddened by torture and broken in spirit, agreed to enroll themselves as Royal militia, being sent to do service in the army in Jamaica. Colonel Tarleton's career in South Carolina was both successful and cruel. The British, for a time, overran the State; many Tories went over to them, and Clinton wrote home exultantly, that "South Carolina was English again."

The torch of liberty was not extinguished, however, but only burning with a feeble flame, and kept alive, in a great measure, by the patriotic ardor of the women of this State. To them Lester pays a warm tribute, telling us that they regularly absented themselves from all British festivities given to celebrate the capture of Charleston, which greatly incensed the English officers. No ball or *fete* graced by the fair beauties of the South mars the fair pages of their history, although the Carolinas had been largely settled by English, and had been intended as the seat of an Anglo-American aristocracy.

After garrisoning the most important points in the South, Clinton sailed for New York, leaving Lord Cornwallis in command.

General Gates was now appointed by Congress to oppose the enemy in Carolina, and with an army of 4,000 men, hastily gathered together and poorly armed and disciplined, marched southward. Gates and Cornwallis met near Camden, where the former was defeated and his army routed. Another brave foreigner, Baron de Kalb, in this battle surrendered his life to the cause of freedom.

Although the British now had possession of South Carolina they were prevented from advancing into North Carolina for lack of proper supplies, and were constantly harassed by a sort of guerilla warfare waged by Marion and Sumter against their outposts. The daring exploits of these two brave leaders, which have been later sung by some of our poets, must have tended not a little toward rekindling the hopes of the distressed inhabitants of South Carolina, and were of practical value in furnishing the munitions of war for the further prosecution of their designs.

Marion, whom his enemies dubbed the "Swamp Fox," but who was more fitly named the "Bayard of the South," stands out prominently among the remarkable men of the Revolution. Brave, vigilant, and active in thought and execution, with his band formed of friends and neighbors, he sallied forth from his strongholds in the morasses of the Pedee and Black Rivers to strike some of the most signal blows inflicted during this campaign. Marion was made a brigadier-general by Governor Rutledge, and he and Sumter successfully engaged the attention of the enemy, while Gates gathered together his scattered troops and established his headquarters at Charlotte, from whence Cornwallis had retreated.

While suffering from this recent defeat, and in deep distress on account of the death of his only son, Gates was informed that Greene would supersede him in the command of the Southern army. A letter from Washington, however, accompanied this order, so full of sympathy for his bereavement, and of generous and delicate encouragement, that Gates acknowledged himself consoled, and pressing the letter to his lips, expressed his admiration and affection for the writer, whom, in his exultation over his northern victories, he had affected to disparage.

Greene was the officer whom Washington had, from the first, desired to see in command in the South, and his generous treatment of his unfortunate predecessor is beyond all praise.

General Greene reached Charlotte December 2, 1780, and took command of a force not exceeding 2,300, which, under his wise rule, speedily assumed what he termed a military complexion.

SUN PICTURES.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

How green the grass is to-day, and how bright the flowers! Marvels wrought by dew and dark, rain and sunshine, yet the sunshine seems to claim them all!

There are the violets half-hidden in their grassy nests, out in our neighbor's field, and the hyacinths blossoming by our open door; wild flowers nodding to us from bush and thicket, and roses smiling up from the velvet lawn; green vines over-run with delicate blossoms by the roadside; handfulls of flowers on the highway, where the poor may gather them, and rarer ones under our windows!

Lilies by cool, quiet lakes, and fragrant honeysuckles climbing by the cottage-door!

Some of them will fade by and by, but others as fair will fill their places. And then, when summer suns have made the green earth golden, we shall have the glory of the harvest field.

Wheat waving in summer's splendor; buckwheat in white and fragrant bloom, the pallid green of the oat-fields, and the sunlight gilding it all! Oh, the suns of these thousands of summers! What pictures they have painted! The sorrowful Deluge could not wash them out, nor Time dissolve them!

They seem indeed set like rare mosaics in our own lives, for have we not known labor under the sun in the growing grain and the ingathered harvests.

There are sweet songs greeting us from fence and forest—from field and meadow—but no song the birds sing is so sweet as the melody of the cheerful heart sung to the sound of the flail.

* * * * * * *

There are rich and wondrous melodies
In every human life,
That rise above all discords
And melt away all strife;
Notes of bewitching sweetness
That rise and float along,
Be the strife however wasting,
The discord ne'er so strong.

There's a measure, pure and perfect,
That bears a tuneful part
In the music of existence—
The old song of the heart:
Here faith and gentle charity,
And hope, with earnest strain,
Are mingling in a melody
We long to hear again.

But the richest, rarest melody
Is scattered o'er the soil,
Where heart and hand together
Make music as ye toil.
From each upspringing blossom,
From each unfolding leaf,
From every hidden seedling
And every golden sheaf,

There bursts forth joyous music,
The music of the land,
That casts a crown of triumph
O'er the busy, working hand;
O, the chords are rare for sweetness,
And the notes are rare for worth,
That bind the heart and hand work
Together here on earth!

GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS.

How many lives are, so to speak, mere relics of an ended feast, fragments which may be either left to waste, or be taken up and made the most of! For we cannot die just when we wish it. The fact may be very unromantic, but it is a fact, that a too large dinner or a false step on the stairs kills much more easily than a great sorrow. Nature compels us to live on, even with broken hearts, as with lopped-off members. True, we are never quite the same again, never the complete human being; but we may still be a very respectable, healthy human being, capable of living out our threescore years and ten with tolerable comfort, after all.

These "fragments" of lives, how they strew our daily path on every side! Not a house do we enter, not a company do we mix with, but we more than guess—we *know*—that these our friends, men and women, who go about the world doing their work and taking their pleasure therein, all carry about them a secret burden—of bitter disappointments, vanished hopes, unfulfilled ambitions, lost loves. Probably every one of them, when his or her smiling face vanishes from the circle, will change it into another, serious, anxious, sad—happy if it be only sad, with no mingling of either bitterness or badness. That complete felicity which the young believe in, and expect almost as a matter of certainty to come, never does come. Soon or late we have to make up our minds to do without it, to take up the fragments of our blessings, thankful that we have what we have and are what we are; above all, that we have our own burden to bear, and not our neighbor's. But whatever, it is, we must bear it alone; and this gathering up of fragments, which we are so earnestly advising, is also a thing which must be done alone.

A VOICE OF WARNING.

The Women's Christian Association of Philadelphia desire to call attention to a base letter addressed to young girls, which has been circulated broadcast through the country. It purports to come from "Hayes, Arlington & Co.," professing to be "Agents for the Centennial Committee," and offers remunerative situations in the Centennial Exhibition, besides expenses paid and wages in advance. Girls are advised *not* to consult their parents, but to come without their knowledge.

We are assured that there is no such firm connected with the Centennial Commission, and the circular is in reality only a vile scheme to entrap the innocent into ruin. In order to counteract this nefarious plan by exposure and warning, we disseminate the knowledge of the facts as extensively as possible, that the unwary may have their minds opened to this impending evil and be preserved from the net spread to entrap them.

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.

A STRONG sign of spring—Garlicky butter.

THE spring style of hand organ has only one stop. It begins in the morning and stops at night.

JUST imagine, if you can, the amount of powder that will be burnt in Philadelphia next Fourth of July—and the length of the casualty list in the papers next morning.

THE young man who commenced a diary on January 1st, and is still making entries in it, would be a greater curiosity at the Centennial Exhibition than a seven-legged goose.

IT is rumored that Dio Lewis and Dr. Mary Walker and Sergeant Bates are all going to Europe this summer; but it is not likely all the good things are going to happen to us this year.

OLIVE LOGAN thus describes Lotta's hair: "It is of a red the most glorious; bright, beautiful red; not a tinge of yellow in it—all red, red, almost cherry red." From this description it is reasonable to infer that Lotta's hair is sort o' red.

WE think it would pay some Philadelphia publisher to get out a Centennial Guide Book. This feature of the exhibition seems to have been neglected. P. S.—It is all right. Since writing the foregoing we have received seven guide books by mail.

THE Philadelphia *Bulletin* announces that the Centennial leap year girls are building a "pound" in a secluded part of the Park, where any young men who resist the aldermen will be shut up, to be either ransomed by their mothers, knocked down to the highest bidder, or suffocated by the S. P. C. A. What a queer weight to capture a husband!

KATE FIELD thinks that every American ought to blush over the non-completion of the Washington monument. But doesn't Kate know that thousands of Americans have lost the art of blushing? However, if blushing over it will complete the monument, we are willing to contribute, in addition to our own, several hundred blushes for persons who squandered their stock in their youth.

A FOREIGN news item says the King of Burmah has ordered that all the tribunals and other public offices shall be closed for forty days. During this period the ceremony of boring the Princesses' ears is to be performed. Either the Princesses have immense ears, or there are two or three regiments of them. According to St. Louis papers, it only takes four days to bore through a Chicago girl's ears.

A GEORGIA paper tells how some negro children were playing near a creek, when an alligator crawled out and swallowed one of them; and the next day a party caught the "reptile," cut it open, and took the child out alive! The paper adds: "This is no newspaper lie, but was reported to us by a lawyer." Of course we believe the story now, for a lawyer can't lie, you know; but if a newspaper man, or a merchant, or a member of Congress had reported the incident to that Georgia editor, we couldn't have believed it in a ten year's trial.

—*Herald, Norristown, Pa.*

UTILIZING THE SWELL OF THE OCEAN.

For the last two centuries attention has been directed toward those natural elements of power, which might be derived from the rise and fall of the tide. Theoretically this would afford a source of power which would be limitless, but practically it has never gone further than the engrossing of such tidal motors on paper. Of late this subject of utilizing the natural movement of the water has been renewed, with idea of making the rolls and oscillations of the ship, caused by the ocean swell, the means of propelling the vessel. On the occasion of the passage of a vessel from England to Australia, a voyage extending over some two thousand hours, a ship made 7,764,088 beam oscillations or rolls, and 1,041,137 fore-and-aft oscillations or pitches. A Mr. Tower, of England, describes a machine, with the object of storing this immense and constant power, which is to impart propulsion to the vessel. By the natural rise and fall of the vessel air is compressed into cylinders, which, as reservoirs of power, are to be called upon for mechanical use. The inventor supposes that the long swell in the tropics would give at every impulse a power equivalent to thirty horse power, and that the average Atlantic wave was as much as two hundred horse power, while a heavy head sea would represent six hundred horse power.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.—This old literary journal, now in its fifty-sixth year, is as welcome to our table weekly, as it was thirty years ago. It has long been our model family journal, and today its columns, as of yore, contain nothing sensational, or which cannot be read with profit. We notice, also, that the publishers of the POST have issued a chromo picture of De Soto Discovering the Mississippi River. It is the largest chromo ever given by a paper, being 19x25 inches, and is a faithful copy of the magnificent picture at the Capitol at Washington, and was made solely for the subscribers to the POST. This chromo alone is worth the price of an annual subscription—$2.00.—*Butts County Argus, Jackson, Ga., April 7.*

SATURDAY EVENING POST.—This old most excellent family and literary journal is again a welcome visitant at our family table. For long years this has been the case, until it has become almost as indispensable as our regular meals. As usual, its columns are filled with excellent and instructive tales, poetry, select miscellany, and other useful matter. Now is a good time to subscribe. Terms $2.00 per annum.—*Times, Menomonie, Wis.*

THE craving of man is for rest, which is certainty. His idea of heaven is rest, his necessity for happiness certainty; but even the longest spell of joy is only for a time—the sunniest day has its shadows of evening and darkness of the night to follow, and "for a time only" is the condition made by Fortune when she bestows her golden gifts—rather when she lends them to be returned in due course.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, under the management of Reed, Wickersham & Co., is fast taking a position as the leading literary paper of the east. The POST has been established nearly sixty years, and is better now than ever before.—*Chief, Kerwin, Kansas, March 30.*

CENTENNIAL NEWS.

THE Centennial authorities have appointed Thomas Davis to act as private detective on the grounds.

THEY are coming, Brother Jonathan, ten hundred thousand strong. So say the agents of the European steamship companies.

THE indications are that about fifteen thousand men will participate in the parade of the Order of United American Mechanics on the 5th of July.

THE Fifth New York Volunteers, known as the Duryea Zouaves, Gen. Duryea president, will send eighty-two veterans to see the sights and be seen.

THE tickets for members of the press, exhibitors, employees, etc., will contain the photographs of those to whom they are issued—which the latter will be required to have inserted before June 1—in an oval space designed for them.

THE bronze statues of Pegasus which now adorn the main entrance to the Centennial Art Gallery were originally designed to be placed on the roof of the Grand Opera House at Vienna, but it was found that they were too heavy to be placed there.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad Company have invited proposals for the erection of two frame passenger railway stations, one at the intersection of Girard Avenue and the Pennsylvania Railroad, and the other at Ridge Avenue and the railroad crossing.

MR. HELFRICE, of Wolverhampton, England, has shipped by the White Star line, via New York, for the Centennial, a fine pack of specimen English, Scotch and Irish hounds. In all they number thirty, and are said to be beasts of extraordinary delicacy.

MESSRS. LYNDROM, Wells and Philip, three well-known London detectives are now in this city, studying "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," and will remain during the Centennial to watch for English walkers in and perpetrators of the same. Nearly all foreign nations will have detectives here for a similar purpose.

THE first Austrian exhibit put in its place is a great curiosity in its way. It consists of a very large screen 24 feet long and 18 feet wide. The centre is of pure white stearine, and is surrounded by a wide border of diamond-shaped tiles of the finest wax of the national colors, black and red, the whole enclosed in a handsome frame. This novel exhibit is sent by Messrs. Spahr, Son & Co., Liesing, and was a noticeable feature at the Vienna Exhibition.

THE master armorer of the Springfield Armory is preparing for the Centennial Exposition an exhibit of the different operations which each of the parts of a Springfield rifle goes through in its manufacture. The barrel goes through 47 operations; the bayonet 45; and its fastening 23. The parts peculiar to the breech-loading system number 146; the mountings, 175; ramrod and bayonet scabbards, 27. The components of the lock require 125 pieces, and the rear sight 78.

HER Majesty Queen Victoria has directed the following productions by herself and the members of her family to be forwarded to the Exposition: 26 etchings, by her Majesty; 2 table napkins, spun by her Majesty; a banner screen, embroidered by her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice; a table-cloth, embroidered by the Princess Louise of Hesse and Princess Christina of Schleswig-Holstein; 2 drawings of flowers, by her Royal Highness Princess Louise, the Marchioness of Lorne—all of which will be brought to this city in the early part of next month.

THE Egyptians have begun arranging plaster casts from the monuments erected to their monarchs who died prior to 1800 B. C. The furniture of their pavilion will hardly be excelled, or even equaled, by any at the Exhibition. Much of it is of sycamore wood, carved in the ancient Arabic style, and inlaid with mother-of-pearl, ebony, ivory and silver, the whole of the work being done by hand. There are also large brazen trays, engraved with sentences expressing Arabic religious sentiments, the work being so fine, that the labor of many months was required for the completion of one tray.

IN the hydraulic annex of the Machinery Hall is the model of a marvellous machine, a pump, constructed of 3,439 different pieces, representing a pair of compound surface-condensing engines, with centrifugal pumps. Four pair of similar engines are at work at Codigoro, near Ferrara, Italy, and are probably the largest and most powerful pumping machines in the world. Their really terrific power can hardly be correctly estimated, but a faint idea may be formed from the fact that they are capable of raising 2000 tons of water per minute to a height of 10 to 12 feet. This gives the almost incredible figures of about 23,000,000 gallons per hour.

THE Norwegian court will be singularly complete and interesting in its arrangements. Several large trophies will cause much astonishment at the materials of which they are constructed, and admiration at the ingenuity and taste displayed in their erection. The largest will be a representation, made up of iron implements and the like, of a Viking ship, with a figure of a Scandinavian warrior at the mast. There will be a trophy of silver, another of beautiful furs, and a very large one made up of the different textile fabrics of the country. Besides these, the exhibits will consist chiefly of specimens of steel manufactures, silverware, wood carving, and carriage building. A pair of snow shoes, very tastefully ornamented, are exhibited.

PROF. WIDDOWS, the chimer of the Metropolitan M. E. Church of Washington, has tested a chime of thirteen bells manufactured by Henry McShane & Brother for exhibition at the Exposition. The bells will be placed in the northeastern tower of Machinery Hall 78 feet high. They weigh 21,000 pounds, the largest weighing 3600 and the smallest 350 pounds. They cost $12 000, and are considered the finest as well as the largest chime in this country. Professor Widdows has been secured by the firm to perform on the bells at Philadelphia three times each day, at sunrise, noon, and sunset. The casting of the bells begun January 1, and they will be shipped to Philadelphia this week. The thirteen bells will represent the thirteen original States. Professor Widdows says the bells are in perfect tune, and the chime is the most harmonious in the country.

THE Bureau of Horticulture is fortunate in possessing the prettiest office on the grounds. It is in the western end of Horticultural Hall, and a portion of it will be used as a reception room for exhibitors in this department. The two conservatories are almost packed with palms and ferns, banana, lemon and orange trees laden with fruit in various stages of growth, and many thousands of plants raised by the Centennial Commission to be transplanted, when the weather will permit, to the surrounding grounds. A number of ferns have arrived from the Sandwich Islands, making an interesting addition to the stock of ferns imported last fall from Australia and New Zealand. The grounds, divided into hundreds of regular parts by the asphaltum roads, are clothed in smiling verdure, and in the full bloom of over thirty thousand hyacinths.

THE Swiss court, which, appropriately enough, is situated between the French and Belgian divisions, will be of the highest importance to those who are interested in the great subject of national education. Switzerland has devoted a large section of her space to matters in connection with public instruction, and that we can derive hints in that direction from that compact little Republic there can be no question. Her other exhibits consist chiefly of embroidery, of which she makes an extensive show; clocks and watches, for which she is so famous; chemical manufactures, wood carving, straw fabrics, and other articles representing the useful rather than the ornamental productions of the country. Switzerland claims to have sent nothing specially prepared or constructed for this Exposition, but that all her exhibits are such as are to be met with every day in traveling through that country.

THE display of pottery and china and majolica-ware of English manufacture will evidently prove a marked feature, not only of the British section in the Main Building, but also of all contained in that structure. From present appearances the display of Messrs. A. B. Daniell & Son, of London, will be the most extensive and interesting in this branch of manufacture. The most striking object among the goods just unpacked is the "Promethean Vase," nearly four feet high, and entirely of china. The general surface is of a rich turquoise blue, wonderfully even and carrying a glaze of extraordinary softness and brilliancy. The handles are connected with the body by emblematic figures clad in armor, and in this armor gold and silver and bronze are so faithfully imitated in china, that it is at first sight difficult to believe that the metal itself has not been employed. The cover sustains figures of the chained Prometheus and of the vulture. The beautiful pate-sur-pate process is well represented as a means of decorating vases, chiefly of pure Greek shapes and other objects. In this process the artist paints upon the unfinished vase with a white clay, which, after firing, appears either semi-transparent or opaque, according to the thickness with which it is laid on, and thus permits the delineation either of solid figures or of the lightest drapery. When applied the clay is opaque, so that great judgment and training is required, in addition to artistic skill, in order to produce the desired effects.

THE TRUE STORY OF A SONG OF SIXPENCE.

A FAIRY EXTRAVAGANZA.

STRAIN THE SEVENTH.

FAIRY WORTH DOES A LITTLE IN GLAMOUR'S WAY OF BUSINESS.

Weary, faint, and almost despairing, Semiquaver had wandered about the wood of Grumbleton. Three hours had he spent in the search after his brothers—three hours that seemed ages. He looked around for some fallen tree, whereon he might rest his weary limbs. A heap of white stones stood by the roadside. Advancing towards them, he was greatly surprised to behold a fierce-looking woman, with long, matted hair and scowling eyebrows, seated on one of these stones. Semiquaver's first impulse was to run away; but bethinking himself that he had done no wrong, he resolved to stand his ground.

"Good-evening, ma'am!" he said to the stranger.

The stranger scowled at him, and raising a thick stick in a threatening manner, exclaimed, "What devil's ware have we here? Whence comes this cowardly little villain?"

At this somewhat rude expression of the stranger's estimate of him, Semiquaver felt all the blood in his body rush into his face with indignation, but he checked himself, remembering his nurse's words, "be good and sin not," and knowing that anger was a sin, he was silent for a moment, and then said to the stranger, "I am no coward and no villain, ma'am. I have come alone, at midnight, into the wood of Grumbleton, which they say is haunted by witches and evil spirits. Would a coward do so? I am seeking for my lost brothers, whom I would restore to my father and mother at the peril of my life. Would a coward do so? Surely not, ma'am!"

"Hum!" growled the stranger; "lost your brothers, eh? Well, I know old Glamour of Grumbleton, and if I asked her, she could find them for you in a trice; but then you must serve her and do her bidding for seven years."

"I would lay down my life for my brothers, ma'am, but I must serve no witch, for that were a sin."

"Hum!" growled the stranger again. "Your brothers are three-and-twenty blackbirds, ain't they? Hold your tongue. I know all about it. Now, would you serve *me* for seven years if I found them for you?"

"Are you a good woman?" said Semiquaver, doubtfully.

"Of course I am. *Don't* I look good?"

Now Semiquaver would not wantonly have hurt anybody's feelings, but the words "be good and sin not" kept ringing in his ears, and he would not tell a lie, so he answered:

"I am very sorry to seem rude, ma'am, but if I must answer you, you don't look good at all."

Then the woman growled again, but not so gruffly as before, "It's a bitter, cold night, and *you* have a good, warm cloak to your back; but look at me."

Semiquaver looked and saw that the woman's shoulders were quite bared to the icy wind.

"Oh, ma'am," said Semiquaver, "if you will only help me to find my brothers, you may have the cloak. No; I beg your pardon; I did not mean *that*. You are welcome to the cloak for charity's sake."

"Hum," said the woman. But she did not growl this time, and then added softly, as if to herself:

"Fearless and Affectionate,
True and Compassionate.

"Now look here, my lad," continued she, "will you serve me for seven years if I first prove to you that I am not so bad as I look, or will you make up your mind to lose your brothers forever? Which is it to be?"

"Oh, serve you for seven years—all the days of my life," replied Semiquaver, without hesitation.

"That's right, my little Semiquaver —you see I know your name—and mark the words, you never could make a wiser [illegible]tion, or one that could make you [illegible]ier. But now—you see those white [illegible]es? Count them, and tell me how [illegible]y there are."

Semiquaver set to counting the stones, "Four-and-twenty," he cried, when he had done so.

"Now give me your hand," said the stranger, more gently than she had yet spoken. "So! Shut your eyes and open them when I tell you."

Semiquaver did as he was bid, and immediately he heard a sweet, low voice —surely it was not the weird woman's—singing:

"Ye faithful servants, held in magic thrall,
Sleep's fetters break, your masters need you all.
Poor birds, who're seeking one who seeks you yet,
Your wanderings cease, for he and you are met."

At the end of the second line, there was a sound as of horse's hoofs capering on the highway. At the end of the fourth, there was a whirring noise as of a flight of birds darting to earth. At the same time, Semiquaver felt that the hand he held was soft as a little child's.

"Now open your eyes, Semiquaver," said the gentle voice, "and look about you."

Semiquaver lost no time in obeying, and beheld—he thought he must be dreaming—three-and-twenty blackbirds perched on three-and-twenty little donkeys, while a twenty-fourth donkey was capering about him with frantic delight.

"Oh, my brothers; my dear brothers!" cried Semiquaver, darting forward and kissing them one by one, with tears of joy running down his cheeks; and lo, at every kiss, the bird caressed was turned into a little Crotchet, so that in about two minutes there was but one blackbird left on his little donkey, and no amount of kissing would change *him*. Semiquaver turned towards the stranger. No rough stranger was there, but a lady "beautiful exceedingly," with a diamond star on her forehead and an ivory wand in her hand.

"Oh, lady," cried Semiquaver, "since you have done all these wonders, and you did them, did you not? Oh, can you not restore my last little brother?"

"Yes, my dear," said the lady; "but he must first perform an act of justice, as an atonement for the trick he played you when he pinched you and led to all that has happened since. But be not sad; *he* is not unhappy."

He certainly did not seem so, for he was singing as merrily as ever a bird did in the greenwood.

"And now," said Fairy Sterling Worth, "our first business is to return to Crotchet Castle, where matters are all at sixes and sevens. When we have set these right again, another journey lies before us; but this you must undertake, not as the Princes of Crotchetland, but as the 'Hyperborean Minstrels, or Nightingales of the North.' Your father is ruined and our business must be to pick up gold and silver to relieve him—that, in fact, is the object of the journey I mentioned. Now, mount your little donkeys all, and forward, march."

So off the cavalcade started, the beautiful lady gliding on before.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE AVERAGE AMERICAN BOY.

If there are any loose straw, chips, sticks, old barrels or boxes anywhere within his reach and he can get a match, he will make what he calls a burnfire, and stand around it and hold his hands before it until he gets smoked all over.

If there is a pond or puddle of muddy water anywhere about, he will take off his shoes and stockings, roll up his clean white pants, and either wade in, or get a dirty board or plank, and push himself about until face, hands, and clothes are one uniform dirt color from top to toe.

He will go over any fence or wall, or through any tangled thicket of briars, thorns, or brushwood, regardless of the strength of his trousers, even when it would be quite as handy to go around by the proper path.

He will plunge into any muddy ditch or swamp after a mud-turtle or a minnow, and then—after carrying it about awhile—will throw his prize away.

He will climb any ladder, pole, scaffold, or tree, with no understandable reason except to get where he knows he ought not to be, and with the sure result of getting into danger.

When his kite lodges in a tree or on a telegraph wire, he will try to get it down by throwing stones and sticks at it until the kite is broken all to pieces, and will spend as much time and energy in this vain pursuit as would serve to make a dozen other kites.

He will trudge through the snow or slush in preference to walking on a perfectly clean path or pavement.

He will spend hours in throwing clubs and stones to knock "candles" from the catalpa tree, to knock "beans" from the locust tree, and to knock "button-balls" from the buttonwood tree; and then when he has got them, and got his clothes in disorder, he will gather up his "candles," "beans," or "button-balls," and immediately find he don't wan't them, and give them away to some other boy who don't want them either.

He will make a racket and noise without any possible reason for it except the "fun" of making a noise.

Finally, he will get his clothes dirty or his fingers cut, or his shins or head bruised if there is any show for either within a mile.

Wherein the average American boy differs from the American girl: This "differentiation" is a problem for the "evolutionists" to solve.

OUR FATHER.

A good woman searching out the children of want, one cold day last winter, tried to open a door in the third story of a wretched house, when she heard a little voice say:

"Pull the string up high. Pull the string up high!"

She looked up and saw a string which, on being pulled, lifted a latch, and she opened the door upon two little half-naked children, all alone. Very cold and pitiful they looked.

"Do you take care of yourselves, little ones?" asked the good woman.

"No, ma'am," said the oldest, "God takes care of us."

How beautiful and full of faith was the reply.

* * *

SUCCESS in any calling is the result of a man's love of and belief in the work he has undertaken. Earnest and conscientious labor often accomplishes more in the end than brilliant genius.

MRS. GREEN'S SON-IN-LAW.

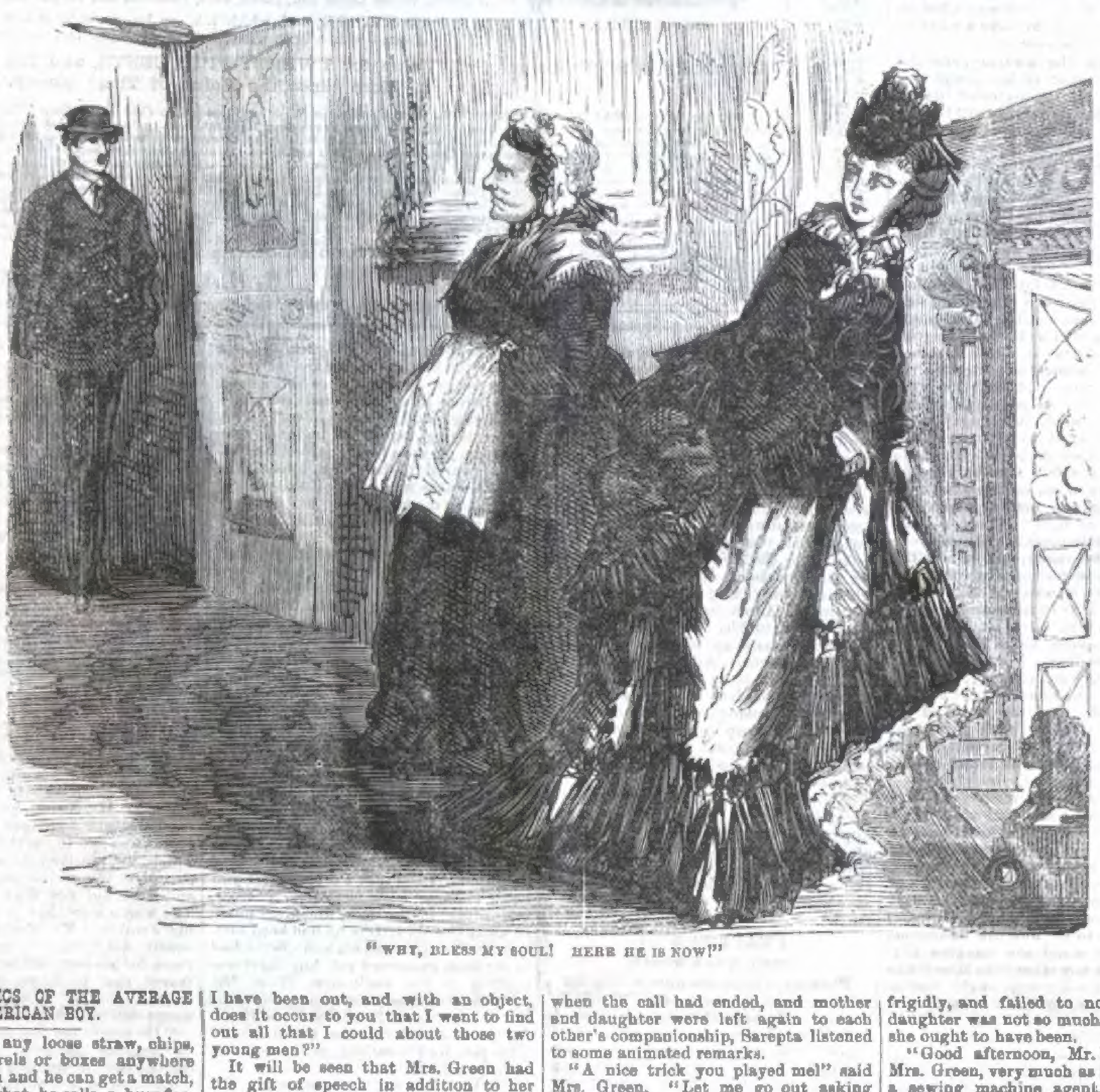
BY J. C. PURDY.

"Well, Sarepta, I've found out all about them."

Mrs. Green sat herself down in front of the fire, took off her bonnet, and shed upon her daughter a smile of great satisfaction.

"Found out all about whom, mamma?" Sarepta questioned, with sweet demureness.

"Well, upon my word, you are the most obtuse girl of my acquaintance. When you saw me come in just now you understood that I'd been out walking, I suppose? Yes? Well, I'm glad you did. You know I don't often go out walking without an object, I suppose? I'm encouraged to find that you understand that too. And you remember those two young men we met twice yesterday when we went to your Aunt Jane's? Of course you do; you needn't answer that. Well, now, knowing that I have been out, and with an object, does it occur to you that I went to find out all that I could about those two young men?"



"WHY, BLESS MY SOUL! HERE HE IS NOW!"

It will be seen that Mrs. Green had the gift of speech in addition to her many other attainments. Her daughter, too, was a fair practitioner in her native tongue, but on this occasion she merely said:

"But I don't see why you should want to find out anything about them."

"Of course not," responded the matron. "But if I were your daughter and you were my mother you would understand it well enough."

"Why, what in the world has that got to do with it, mamma?"

But the young lady still kept her eyes rather too persistently fixed upon her little bit of embroidery, and it is to be feared that she was fencing with her parent.

"You know well enough that it has everything to do with it," responded Mrs. Green. "When two handsome young men meet us together in the street, and then put themselves out of the way to run against us again, you don't suppose they take such pains to get another look at *me*, do you?"

"They might. I'm sure you're worth looking at twice," responded the daughter, very prettily.

"That's nonsense, and you know it. They wanted to see you. You're young and rather good looking, although you're not altogether my style; and there are not so many young and pretty girls in this village that strange young men are going to neglect any of them, I tell you."

"Oh, mamma! How you talk."

"I talk like a prudent woman, and act like one; so I went out to find out all about those two young men. One of them will do very well, indeed."

"Which one is it who will do?" inquired Sarepta, laughing, and beginning now to show a little shy interest in the subject.

"The one with an Ulster overcoat on," replied the elder lady, shooting a very sharp glance at the younger one.

"Why, they both wore Ulsters," put in Sarepta, falling into the trap with great simplicity.

"Aha! I thought so," chuckled the astute Mrs. Green. "You noticed them a little, while they noticed you a good deal. Well, it's the tallest one, I mean; the one with the dark complexion and black moustache. Charles Edgerton his name is."

"The other one is much the best looking, and the most gentlemanly, I think," said the daughter.

"George Merton. Oh, yes; but he won't do at all. He is handsome, and has plenty of talent, too; but he has neither money nor position. Mr. Edgerton has plenty of both, so he's the one that will do."

"Why, I thought——" and then Sarepta stopped and bit her lip.

"Thought what?"

"Nothing; only that we were doing a rather queer thing, discussing these two gentlemen as if they belonged to us."

"Queer, maybe, but prudent," and then the prudent mother withdrew to meditate upon the advantages of a son-in-law with both money and position.

The fact goes without saying, that there is more or less wickedness in this world. If there were not, good Mrs. Green would have been spared the surprise, mingled with humiliation, that fell upon her that same evening.

Mother and daughter had sat themselves down beside the evening lamp to chat and sew, and to have an altogether cosy evening, when the bell rang, and Mr. Charles Edgerton and Mr. George Merton were shown into the room.

Mrs. Green was almost astonished out of all courtesy in contemplating the impertinence of the young men of our day, who go calling without waiting for introductions. Her surprise was by no means lessened, but the course of her contemplation was turned when her daughter showed what the girls of our day are capable of, by welcoming the two gentlemen very serenely, and introducing them in a very matter-of-fact way to her mother.

The explanation of it all was that these three young persons had met in the merry summer time, in an out of the way country nook, where Sarepta was sojourning with a city cousin, friend of the Messrs. Edgerton and Merton.

Mrs. Green accepted the situation gracefully, and was pleasantly courteous, as became so polite a lady. But when the call had ended, and mother and daughter were left again to each other's companionship, Sarepta listened to some animated remarks.

"A nice trick you played me!" said Mrs. Green. "Let me go out asking questions about those two men, and you knew all about them all the while! Why didn't you tell me?"

"Why, mamma, I didn't know that you wanted to learn anything about them. The first I knew you had found out all I had to tell, and more, too; so what was the use?"

"Well, you might have told me before. And how was it you didn't recognize them when we met them on the street?"

"I did; I bowed and they lifted their hats the first time we met them. You did not see them at all that time, for you were busy looking at Mrs. Bunce and her new cloak."

"The first time? did we meet them three times instead of twice, then?"

"I did not count the times, but I think it must have been three."

"Humph! Well, I've nothing to do now but to see that no trouble comes of all your smartness. To begin with, I noticed that Mr. Merton was rather more attentive to you this evening than there was any necessity for. I want you to remember that he is not the one who will do."

There was no reply to this injunction. Perhaps it was not heard, and subsequent facts rendered this all the more probable.

The two young men prolonged their stay in the village, and made frequent calls together at Mrs. Green's pleasant house. Mr. Edgerton was all that could be desired in the way of friendly courtesy, but George Merton was that, and more too. It became more and more apparent that he aimed to become the one who would do.

He came often with his friend, but more often by himself, and one day he called, not on Sarepta, but upon Mrs. Green herself. The nature of his errand may be gathered from a remark of that lady's during the conversation.

"I am very sorry matters have gone so far," she said, "and I tried in every way to prevent it. All I can do now is to say that I will *never* give my consent to your marriage with my daughter. I esteem you very greatly, but I long since made up my mind that my son-in-law must have fortune and position."

"But my dear madam—"

"I have said my say, Mr. Merton, and nothing will ever make me say differently. I don't mind saying to you that the same question from your friend would have received a very different answer."

George Merton went away then, and Sarepta received a little lecture from her mother. The girl was a little pale, but very quiet, and her mother thought she was going to be very sensible. She felt a little discouraged, however, when Sarepta said, quite in her natural voice:

"I know he is poor, and without position, as you call it, but I will never marry any other man as long as I live!" and that ended the conversation.

After this matters went on much the same as usual, except that George Merton came no more to Mrs. Green's house. Sarepta was a little quieter than of old, but altogether acted in a practical manner that gave her mother very great encouragement.

One afternoon the young lady dressed to go out for a walk, and stood for a time with one foot on the fender-bar, listening to her mother's talk, which ran pretty much in this strain towards the close:

"I haven't seen Mr. Edgerton for two or three days, have you? And—his friend seems to have disappeared altogether. I must say it was very proper of him not to come back here after I gave him so decided an answer. Why, bless my soul! Here he is now!"

And there, sure enough, he was, stepping leisurely in through the open door of the room. He had evidently screwed his courage up, and was keeping it up by a little bit of bravado not quite natural to him. His hat was pulled tight upon his head, his step had the least suggestion of a swagger in it, and he carried his hands in the pockets of the short, odd looking jacket which he wore for the apparent purpose of making him look unnecessarily independent.

His manner put Mrs. Green on the offensive, as if it were a challenge. Her face took on its hard, set look, her hands folded themselves together under her apron, and she stood looking at him very frigidly, and failed to notice that her daughter was not so much surprised as she ought to have been.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Merton," said Mrs. Green, very much as if he had been a sewing machine agent. "We were just speaking of—your friend."

"Ah, Charley! Yes, poor fellow, he has gone back to the city. He really needed a longer rest, but he couldn't take it without losing his situation, and he cannot afford to do that."

"His situation? Why—"

"Yes, you know he is a book-keeper. But, no; I remember now, my friend Mrs. Garwood got our names mixed in telling you about us."

"I see," said Mrs. Green, in a tone that implied a great many things.

"But come, dear, if you are ready we will go for our walk now," said George, in a queer, hurried way. "I just dropped in, Mrs. Green, to take my wife out for a little walk."

"Your wife! What!" and Mrs. Green sat down and waited for more breath.

"Mamma, you will forgive us, won't you?" pleaded Sarepta. "Perhaps it was wrong, but you were *so* firm, so we were married yesterday."

"Of course I forgive you, now that there is nothing else for me to do," said the politic old lady. "And if you will wait a minute I'll go out with you. It will close people's mouths."

As they all started out together, Mrs. Merton said:

"George, you ought to have told me about that ridiculous mistake."

"I know I ought, but you see, my dear, I couldn't resist the temptation of giving your mother a son-in-law with 'fortune and position' in spite of herself," he replied.

MARRIED MEMORIES.

What the father says:
"Which side must I stand on when I have to give her away?"

What the mother says:
"I am sure the ices will be too late for breakfast."

What the sister says:
"I flatter myself I am the best-looking of the eight bridesmaids."

What the brother says:
"Of course the best man is behind his time. Just like him!"

What the pew-opener says:
"This way, my dear young lady!"

What the beadle says:
"They are sure to be in time, sir. I will motion to you the moment I see 'em coming."

What the clergyman says:
"Have you got the ring?"

What the crowd says:
"Hoorray! That's 'er! Oh! ain't he a guy?"

What the old friend of the family says:
"I have known him, too, since he was so high. That was nigh upon forty years ago!"

What the funny man says:
"You can see from my face that I am just the man to be associated with the bridesmaids!"

What the best man says:
"Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking."

What the bride says:
"Good-bye! my own darling mamma and papa. And, Emma, dear, please to see that the things are all right before we start."

What the bridegroom says:
"Thank goodness, it is all over!"

BAFFLED!

BY

Mrs. HENRY WOOD.

[This story was commenced in No. 32, Vol 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XVI.

A NIGHT AT THE MAZE.

The Maze was an old-fashioned, curious house inside, full of angles and passages and nooks and corners. Its rooms were small, and not many in number, the principal ones being fitted up with dark mahogany wainscoting. The windows were all casement windows with the exception of two: into those, modern sashes of good size had been placed by the late owner and occupant, Mr. Throcton. At Mr. Throcton's death the property was put up for sale and was bought by Sir Joseph Wynne, furniture and all, just as it stood. Or, it may rather be said, was bought by Lady Wynne; for the whim was hers. Just after the purchase had been entirely completed, Lady Wynne sickened and died. Sir Joseph, ill at the time, did nothing whatever with the new place; so that on his death it came into the possession of his heirs in exactly the same state as when it was purchased. They let it be also, and it remained shut up. According to what Mr. Smith informed Miss Blake—and he was in the main correct, though not quite—Mrs. Grey had come to it and taken possession while Mrs. Wynne lay ill at Foxwood and her son Karl was in attendance on her. But the little fable the agent had made use of—that he had gone over to the Maze to receive the premium from Mrs. Grey on taking possession—had no foundation in fact. He had certainly gone to the Maze and seen the lady called Mrs. Grey, but not to receive a premium, for she paid none.

The two rooms into which sash windows had been placed were—the one that faced Miss Blake when she had penetrated to the confines of the Maze on that unlucky day, and within which she had seen the unconscious Mrs. Grey; and the one above it. Into this upper one the reader must pay a nightly visit. It was used as a sitting-room. The same dark mahogany wainscoting lined the walls as in the room below, the furniture was dark and heavy-looking; and, in spite of the sultry heat of the night, the shutters were closed before the window and dull crimson curtains of damask wool were drawn across them. There was nothing bright in the appendages of the room, save the lighted lamp on the table and a crystal vase of hot-house flowers.

Seated at the table at work—the making of an infant's frock—was Mrs. Grey. Opposite to her, in the space between the table and the fire-place, sat Sir Karl; and by her side, facing him—Adam Wynne.

It is more than probable that this will be no surprise; that the reader has already divined the truth of the secret, and all the miserable complication it had brought and was bringing in its train. It was not Adam Wynne who had died in that fatal scuffle off Portland Island—or, more strictly speaking, off Weymouth—but one of the others who had been concerned in it.

Yes, there he sat, in life and in health; his speech as free, his white and beautiful teeth not less conspicuous than of yore—Sir Adam Wynne. Karl, sitting opposite with his grave, sad face, was not in reality Sir Karl, and never had been.

But Adam Wynne was altered. The once fine black hair which it had used to please him to wear long in the neck, was now short, scanty, and turned to gray; his once fine fresh color had given place to pallor, and he was growing a beard that looked gray and stubbly. Decidedly old-looking now, as compared to the past, was Adam Wynne. He wore evening dress: just as though he had been attired for a dinner party—say—at Foxwood Court. Mrs. Grey—as she was called, though she was in reality Lady Wynne—wore a summer dress of clear white muslin, through which might be seen her white neck and arms. It was the pleasure of her husband, Sir Adam, that in the evening, when only he dared to come out of his hiding shell, they should keep up, in attire at least, some semblance of the state that ought to have been theirs.

He seemed to have got somewhat shorter, and his walk had a limp in it. But he was the same hasty, fiery Adam Wynne. A man cannot well change his nature.

Karl Wynne smiled.

"You have not lost the old habit, Adam—the putting yourself into a heat for nothing. I came over this evening to have some serious talk with you. Do sit down."

"Yes, do, Adam," added his wife, turning to him; "you will get the pain in your hip again. Do you wish me to go away?" she added to Karl, as she prepared to gather up her working materials.

"No, no, Rose; it's only the old story, I know—the wanting to get rid of me," interposed Sir Adam, sitting down himself. "Stay where you are, wife. Now for it, Karl—Wait a moment, though," he added, ringing the bell.

It was answered by the same staid, respectable-looking servant seen by Miss Blake; the same confidential woman who had lived with Mrs. Wynne at Weymouth—Ann Hopley.

"Ann, I am as thirsty as a fish," said her master. "Bring up a bottle of soda water and a dash of brandy."

"Yes, sir," she replied—not daring, now or at any other time, to give him his title.

He opened the soda water himself when it was brought, put in the dash of brandy, drank it, and sat down again. Karl Wynne began to speak, feeling an innate certainty that his words would be wasted ones.

But some explanation of the past is necessary, and it may as well be given here.

When Karl Wynne went down from London to Weymouth upon the news of his brother's attempted escape and death, he found his mother in a dreadful state of distress—as already related. This distress was not put on; indeed such distress it would not be possible to assume: for Mrs. Wynne believed the public accounts—that Adam was dead. After she had despatched Karl to Foxwood to make arrangements for the interment, the truth was disclosed to her. Sir Adam had escaped with life, and was lying at a house in Weymouth; but he had been terribly knocked about in the scuffle, and in fact had been considered

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dead. By the careless stupidity of one of the warders, or else by his connivance, Mrs. Wynne never entirely knew which, he was reported at the prison as being dead—and perhaps the prison thought itself well rid of so obstreperous an inmate.

That was the dread secret disclosed to him by his mother, that, in her fear, she had made him take an oath to keep—"Adam is not dead." Just at the first moment Karl thought her intellects must be wandering: but as she proceeded in a few rapid words to tell of his escape, of his dangerous illness, of his lying, even then, hidden away from the terrors of the law, all the dreadful position of his ill-fated brother rushed over Karl as in one long agony. He saw in vivid colors the hazard Adam was running—and must ever run, until death or recapture should overtake him; he saw as if portrayed in a mirror the miserable future that lay before him, the lonely fugitive he must be.

To Karl Wynne's mind, no fate in this world could be so miserable. Even death on the scaffold would to him have been preferable to this lifetime of living dread. He had loved his brother with a keen love; and he felt this almost as a death blow: he could have died in his love and pity, if by that means his brother might be saved. Mingling with this regret had come the thought of his own changed position, and that he ought not to marry.

This he said. But Mrs. Wynne pointed out to him that his position would not be so very materially altered.

"You will have to occupy Foxwood as its master; you must be Sir Karl to the world as you are now," spoke Mrs. Wynne, "and it is your children who will inherit after you. There is no reason whatever for breaking off your marriage, or for altering any of the arrangements. You will have to pay a certain sum yearly to Adam out of the estate. He will not need it long, poor fellow; a banned man's life, banned to the extent his will be, eats itself away soon."

Hemmed in by perplexities of all kinds Karl's interview with his mother ended, and he went forth with his care and trouble. His own trouble would have been enough, but it was as nothing to that felt for his brother. He dared not tell the truth to Colonel Cleeve or to Lucy; he almost as little dared, for Lucy's sake, to break off the marriage. And so it took place.

After that he heard no more until he was again at Foxwood, summoned there by his mother's illness. Mrs. Wynne had fretted herself sick. Night and day was the fear of her son's discovery ever before her mind; she used to see the recapture in her dreams; remorse wore her out, and fever supervened. She would have given all she possessed in the world could he be safely back at Portland Island without having attempted to quit it. Karl, on his arrival, found her in this sad state: and it was then she disclosed to him a further complication in the case, which she had but recently learnt herself. Sir Adam was married.

It may be remembered that he was for a few days absent from his home in Northamptonshire, returning to it only on the eve of the day that news came of Sir Joseph's death, the fatal day when he killed Martin Scott. He had left home for the purpose of marrying Rose Turner, who was staying in Birmingham, a measure which had been planned between them previously. But for his mother's prejudices—as he called them—he would have married the young lady in the face of day; but he knew she would never consent, and he did not care openly to set her at naught.

"We will be married in private, Rose," he decided, "and I will feel my way afterward to disclose it to my mother."

Miss Rose Turner cared for him too much to make any objections. Alas, the time never came for him to disclose it. On the very day after his return to his home, the young lady returning to hers, to her unsuspicious friends, he was thrown into prison on the charge of murder. It was not a time to speak; he wished to spare comment and annoyance to her; and she gave evidence at the trial—which she could not have done had she been his acknowledged wife.

All this had been disclosed to Mrs. Wynne after Karl's marriage. The stranger, Mr. Smith, spoken of by Hewitt as presenting himself at Foxwood, and demanding an interview with its mistress, told her of it: but not then. It was another bitter blow to Mrs. Wynne and no doubt helped to bring on the fever. This in her turn she disclosed to Karl from her sick bed, and for him it made the complication ten times worse. Had he known his brother had a wife, nothing would have induced him to marry Lucy. Mrs. Wynne told him more; that Adam had escaped safely to London, where he then lay hidden, and where his wife had joined him; and that they were coming to inhabit the Maze at Foxwood. The last bit of news nearly struck Karl dumb.

"Is he mad?" he asked.

"No, very sane," replied Mrs. Wynne. "He wants to be at least on his own grounds; and we all think—he and I and Mr. Smith—that he may be safer here than anywhere. Even were there a suspicion abroad that he is alive—which there is not, and I trust never will be—his own place is the very last place that people would look into for him. Besides, there will be precautions used—and the Maze is favorable for concealment."

"It will be utter madness," spoke Karl. "It will be putting himself into the lion's mouth."

"It will be nothing of the sort—or Mr. Smith would not approve of it," retorted Mrs. Wynne. "I must see my son, Karl, and how else am I to see him? I may not go to him where he is: it might bring suspicion on him; but I can go over to the Maze."

"Who is Mr. Smith? What has he to do with Adam? How comes he in the secret?" reiterated Karl.

But to this he could get no answer. Whether Mrs. Wynne knew, or whether she did not know, she would not say. The one fact—that Mr. Smith held the dangerous secret, and must be conciliated, was quite enough, she said, for Karl. Mr. Smith had Adam's safety and interest at heart she went on to state; he wished to be near the Maze to watch over him; and she had given him the pretty cottage opposite the Maze gates to live in, calling him Sir Karl's agent, and appointing him to collect a few rents, so as to give a coloring of ostensibility to the neighborhood. In vain Karl remonstrated. It was useless. The ground seemed slipping from under all their feet, but he could do nothing.

After all, poor Mrs. Wynne did not live to see her most beloved son. Anxiety, torment, restlessness, proved too much for her, and brought on the crisis sooner than was expected. On the very day after she died, the tenants came to the Maze—at least, all the tenants who would be seen openly, or be suspected of inhabiting it. They arrived by the last evening train; Mrs. Grey and her attendants, the Hopleys; and took two flies, which were waiting in readiness, on to the Maze: the lady occupying one, Hopley and his wife the other. How Adam Wynne reached the place, it is not convenient yet to state.

In the course of the next evening, Karl went over to the Maze and saw his brother. Adam was much altered. In the fever which had supervened on his injuries received at the escape, he had lost his hair and became pale and thin. But his spirits were undaunted. He should soon "pick up" now he was in the free open country air and on his own grounds he said. As to danger, he seemed not to see it, and declared there was less danger of discovery there than any where else. Karl could play the grand man and the baronet for him at Foxwood; but he meant, for all that, to have a voice in the ruling of his own estate.

Poor Karl, on the contrary, saw the very greatest danger in the position of affairs. He would have preferred to shut up Foxwood, leaving only Hewitt to take care of it, that no chance of discovery should arise from either servants or any inhabitants there. But Sir Adam ruled it otherwise; saying he'd not have the Court left to stagnate. Hewitt was in the secret. It might have been neither expedient nor practicable to keep it from him; but the question was decided of itself.

One evening just before Mrs. Wynne's death, when Hewitt had gone to her sick room on some errand at the dusk hour, she mistook him for Karl; and spoke words which betrayed all. Karl was glad of it; it seemed a protection to Adam, rather than not, that his tried old servant should be cognizant of the truth. So Karl went abroad again with his wife, and stayed until his keeping aloof from Foxwood began to excite comment in his wife's family; when he deemed it more expedient to return to it.

And now does the reader perceive all the difficulties of Karl? There he was, in a false position; making believe to be a baronet of the realm, and a wealthy man, and the owner of Foxwood, and obliged to make believe. A hint to the contrary, a word that he was not in his right place, might have set suspicion afloat—and heaven alone knew what would be the ending. For Adam's sake he must be wary and cunning; he must play, so to say, the knave's part and deceive the world. But the dread of his brother's discovery lay upon him night and day, with a very present awful dread; it was as a burning brand of fire eating away his heart.

And again, you, my reader, can now understand the complication between Karl and his wife. He believed she had discovered the fact that Adam was alive and living concealed at the Maze; she, relying on Miss Blake's information, put down the mystery to something of a very different nature. How could he suppose she meant anything but the dangerous truth? How could she imagine that the secret was any other than Miss Blake had so clearly and convincingly disclosed to her? In Lucy's still almost maidenly sensitiveness, she could not bring her lips to allude openly to the nature of her charge; and there was no necessity. She assumed that he knew it even better than she did. In his reluctance to pronounce his brother's name or hint at the secret, lest even the very air should be treacherous and carry it abroad, he was perhaps less open than he might have been. When he offered to relate to her the whole story, she stopped him and refused to listen; and so closed up the explanation that would have set the cruel doubt to rights and her heart at rest.

Sitting there with Adam to-night, in that closely-curtained room, Karl entered upon the matter he had come to urge—that his brother should get away from the Maze into some safer place. It was, as Sir Adam expressed it, but the old story—for Karl had never ceased to urge it from the first—and he wholly refused to listen. There was no risk, he said, no fear of discovery, and he should not go away from his own land. Either from this little, particular spot of land which was individually his, or from the land of his birth. It was waste of words in Karl to speak further. Adam had always been of the most obstinate possible temperament. But the supposed discovery of his wife had frightened Karl worse than ever. He did not mention it to them, since he was not able to say how Lucy had made it.

"As sure as you are living, Adam, you will some day find the place entered by the officers of justice!" he exclaimed in pain.

"Let them enter it," recklessly answered Sir Adam. "They'll not find me."

"Oh, Adam, you don't know. They are lynx-eyed and crafty men."

"No doubt. I am all safe, Karl."

Karl had been there longer than usual and he rose to say good-night. Mrs. Grey—for convenience sake we must continue to call her by that name, and Lucy as Lady Wynne—folded up her work and went down stairs with him. She was changed, too, but for the better. The very pretty, blooming-faced Rose Turner had come in for her share of the world's bitter trouble, and it had spiritualized her. The once round face was oval now, the lovely features were refined, the damask cheeks were a shade more delicate, the soft blue eyes had a sad light in them. Miss Blake's words, "beautiful as an angel," were not misapplied to her.

"Karl," she whispered, "the dread of discovery is wearing me out. If we could but get away from England!"

"I am sure it will wear me out," was Karl's answer.

"Adam is afraid of Mr. Smith. He thinks he would stop his going. Karl, I fully believe, as truly as ever I believed any great truth in my life, that Mr. Smith is keeping us here and will not let us go. Mr. Smith may appear to be friendly outwardly, but I fear he is an inward enemy. Oh, dear, it is altogether a dreadful situation."

Karl went on home, his brain active, his heart sinking. The manner in which his wife had taken the matter up distressed him greatly. He supposed she was resenting it chiefly on the score of her father and mother. The colonel had told him that they would rather have followed Lucy to the grave than see her his wife if Sir Adam had lived.

"I wonder how she discovered it?" ran his thoughts—but in truth, the fact did not excite so much speculation in his mind, because he was hourly living in the apprehension that people must suspect it. When we hold a dangerous secret this is sure to be the case. "Perhaps Hewitt let drop an incautious word," he went on musing, "and Lucy caught it up and guessed the rest. Or—perhaps I dropped one in my sleep."

Crossing the lawn of the court, he entered by the little smoking-room, his hand pressed upon his aching brow. No wonder that people found fault with the looks of Sir Karl Wynne. He was wearing to a skeleton. Just as his mother, when she was dying, used to see the recapture of Adam in her dreams, so did Karl see it in his. Night after night would he wake up from one of the dreadful visions. Adam, the retaken convict, held fast by a heap of scowling, threatening warders, and a great, frightful scaffold conspicuous in the distance. He would start up in bed in horror, believing it was all real, his heart quivering, his hair damp; and once or twice he knew that he had cried out aloud.

"Yes, yes; that's how it must have been," he said, the mystery becoming apparently clear to his eyes as the light of day. "Hewitt is too cautious and true. I have betrayed it in my sleep. Oh, my brother! May heaven help and save him!"

CHAPTER XVII.

BEFORE THE WORLD.

Foxwood Court was alive with gaiety, at least what stood for gaiety in that inwardly sad and sober house. Colonel and Mrs. Cleeve had come for a fortnight's stay. Visits were being exchanged with the neighbors; dinner parties reigned. The Court had its dinners as well as other places. It was not possible for Sir Karl and Lady Wynne to accept hospitality and not return it; and—at any rate, during the sojourn of the Colonel and his wife—Sir Karl dared not shut themselves up as hermits, lest comment should be excited. So the Court held its receptions, and went out to other people's; and Sir Karl and Lady Wynne dressed, and talked, and comported themselves just as though there was no shadow between them.

Lady Wynne was growing graver day by day; her very heart seemed to be withering. That Sir Karl paid his secret visits to the Maze at night, two or three times a week, she knew only too well. One of the most innocent and naturally unsuspicious persons in the world was she, but now that her eyes had been opened, she saw all clearly. Without watching and tracking the movements of her husband as Miss Blake had tracked them, in her guileless honor she could never have done that, Lady Wynne was only too fully awake now to the nightly strolls abroad of her husband, and instinct told her for what purpose they were taken.

Life for her at this present time seemed very hard to bear. The task she had imposed on herself—to endure in patience and silence—seemed well nigh an impracticable one. The daily cross that she had apportioned herself to take up felt too heavy for mortal frame to carry. Humiliation, jealousy, love, waged war with each other within her, and rendered her very wretched. It needed all the good and gentle principles instilled into her from early childhood; it needed all the aiding strength she was ever praying for, to hold on perseveringly in her bitter path, and make no sign.

After Mrs. Cleeve's arrival, they were engaged to dine two days at a distance, four or five miles off; a ball to follow it. Lady Wynne, radiant in her white silk bridal dress, entered the room leaning on the arm of her good-looking husband. Who could have dreamt that they were living on ill terms, seeing them now? In public they were both cautiously courteous to each other, observing every little obligation of society, and in truth Karl at all times, at home and out, was in manner affectionate to his wife.

There were two carriages, and, in going, Lucy had occupied one with her father; Karl, Mrs. Cleeve and Miss Blake the other. Lucy had intended to return in the same order, but found she could not. Colonel Cleeve, unconscious of doing wrong, entered the carriage with his wife and Miss Blake. Lucy and her husband had to sit together. The summer's night was giving place to dawn.

"I fear you are tired, Lucy," said he, kindly.

"Yes, very. I wish I was at home."

She drew her elegant white cloak about her with its silken tassels, gathered herself into the corner of the carriage, and shut her eyes, seemingly intending to go to sleep. Sleep! her heart was beating too wildly for that. But she kept them resolutely closed, making no sign; and never another word was spoken all the way. Sir Karl helped her out; the others had already arrived.

"Good night," she whispered to him, preparing to run up the stairs.

"Good-night, Lucy."

But, in spite of Lady Wynne's efforts to make the best of things and show no sign, a mother's eye could not be deceived—and before Mrs. Cleeve had been many days in the house, she was struck with an underlying aspect of sadness that seemed to pervade Lucy. Her cheerfulness appeared to be often forced; this hidden sadness was real. Unsuspecting Mrs. Cleeve could come to but one conclusion—her daughter's health must be deranged.

One morning during this time, Karl was sitting alone in his room, when Hewitt came to him to say Smith the agent was asking to see him. Karl did not like Smith the agent; he doubted, dreaded, and did not comprehend him.

"Will you see him, sir?" asked Hewitt in a low tone, perceiving the lines on his master's brow.

"I suppose I must see him, Hewitt," was the reply—and the confidential, faithful servant well understood the force of the must. "Show him in."

"Beg pardon for disturbing you so early, Sir Karl," said the agent, as Hewitt brought him in and placed a chair. "There's one of your small tenants dropping into a mess, I fancy. He has got the broker in for taxes, or something of that kind. I thought I'd better let you know at once."

Hewitt shut the door, and Karl pushed away the old letters he had been sorting. Sir Joseph's papers and effects had never been examined yet; but Karl was settling to the work now. That Mr. Smith had spoken in an unusually loud and careless tone, he noticed, and therefore judged that this was but the ostensible plea for his calling, given lest any ears should be about.

"Which of my tenants is it, Mr. Smith?" he quietly asked.

Mr. Smith looked round to be sure that the door was closed, and then asked Sir Karl if he'd mind having the window shut; he felt a bit of a draught. And he shut the glass doors himself with his one hand, before Sir Karl could assent or rise to do it.

"It is Seaford the miller," he answered. "And"—dropping his voice to the lowest and most cautious tone—"it is a fact that he has the brokers in for some arrears of Queen's rates. But the man has satisfied me that it is but a temporary embarrassment; and I think, Sir Karl, your rent is in no danger. Still it was right that you should know of it; and it has served just in the nick of time, to account for my coming in."

"What is the real object?" inquired Sir Karl, in a voice as cautious as the other.

Mr. Smith took the newspaper out of the pocket of his light summer coat; borrowed his disabled hand from the sling to help unfold it, and then pointed to a small paragraph. It ran as follows:

"Curious rumors are afloat connected with a recorded attempt at escape from Portland Island, in which the unfortunate malefactor met his death. A mysterious whisper has arisen, we know not how or whence, that the death was but a fiction, and that the man is at large."

"What paper is it?" cried Karl, trying to force some color into his white lips.

"Only one in which all kinds of stories are got up," rejoined Mr. Smith, showing the title of a sensational weekly paper. "The paragraph may have resulted from nothing but the imagination of some penny-a-liner, Sir Karl, at fault for real matter."

"I dont like it," observed Karl after a pause. "Assume that it may be as you suggest, nothing more, this very announcement will be the means of drawing people's thoughts towards it."

"Not it," spoke Mr. Smith. "And if it does?—nobody will think it points to Sir Adam Wynne. Another prisoner has been killed since then, trying to escape."

"How do you know that?"

"I do know it," replied Mr. Smith, emphatically. But he advanced no further proof. "It was a curious thing, my getting this paper," he continued. "Yesterday I was over at Basham, mistook the time of the returning train, and found when I reached the station that I had to wait three quarters of an hour. The only newspapers on the stand were these weekly ones; I bought this to while away the time, and saw the paragraph."

"These events, looked upon as chance and errors, are in reality ordained," spoke Karl dreamily. "What can be done, Mr. Smith?"

"Nothing; a thing, Sir Karl. There is nothing to do. He is safe enough where he is—even if the rumor did come to be looked into by the law's authorities. Rely upon it, the Maze will never be suspected."

"I wish to heaven he had never come to the Maze!" was Karl's pained rejoinder.

"It might be better on the whole that he had not," acknowledged Mr. Smith. "The plan originated with himself and the late Mrs. Wynne, and they carried it out."

"I wish," said Karl, speaking upon sudden impulse, "that you would allow me to know how you became connected with this affair of my unfortunate brother—and what you still have to do with it."

"How I became connected with it does not signify," was the short and ready answer. "As to what I have to do with it still, you know as well as I. I just watch over him—or rather the place that contains him—and if danger should arise I shall be at hand to, I hope, give him warning and to protect him from it."

"He ought to be got away from the Maze," persisted Karl.

"He'd never get away in safety. Especially if there's anything in this," striking his hand on the newspaper paragraph. "With my consent, he will never try to."

Karl did not answer; but he thought the more. That this man was the true impediment to his brother's escape; that he was in fact keeping him where he was he believed with his whole heart. Once Sir Adam could be safe away from the kingdom, Mr. Smith no doubt foresaw that he might no longer enjoy Clematis Cottage to live in, or the handsome sum which he received quarterly. A sum that Mrs. Wynne had commenced to pay, and Karl did not dare to discontinue. The words were but a confirmation of his opinion. Mr. Smith was Adam's enemy, not friend; he was keeping him there for his own self interest; and Karl feared that if Adam attempted to get away in spite of him, he might in revenge deliver him up to justice.

"He could not be as safe anywhere in England as here," concluded Mr. Smith, as if he divined Karl's thoughts. "The police would suspect every hole and corner of the country, every town, little and big, before they would suspect his own home. As to sailing away for another land, the danger of his recognition would be too great both on the voyage and on embarking for it, for him to dare it. He'd be discovered as sure as apple trees grow apples."

"Will it be better to tell him of this?" cried Karl, alluding to the newspaper.

"I think not. Just as you please, though, Sir Karl. Rely upon it, it is only what I suggest—an emanation from some penny-a-liner's inventive brain."

"The paper had better be burnt," suggested Karl.

"The very instant I get home," said Mr. Smith, putting the paper in his pocket and taking his hat from the table. "I wish I could burn the whole impression. I'll go out this way, Sir Karl, if you will allow me."

Opening the glass doors again, Smith stepped across the terrace to the lawn, talking still as though continuing the conversation. Other windows stood open and the agent was cautious.

"I'll be sure to see Seaford in the course of the day. You may trust to me not to let any of them get behind-hand with their rents. Good-morning, Sir Karl."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

CAB RIDING.

What makes the enormous crush of vehicles in the London streets is often a perplexing question. There is a single item that will illustrate how it comes about. There are in that city not less than 7864 licensed cabs, of which 4223 are four-wheeled, and 3641 two-wheeled or hansoms. Now let anybody imagine nearly eight thousand cabs let loose in the streets of Philadelphia, and some faint notion will be gathered of the crush. And yet this is only the public vehicles. The private ones are numbered by thousands. The truth is, people there use the cabs and other carriages to an extent wholly unknown in America, and no effort yet made to induce people to use them has been successful. The horse-cars are universally patronized. But they have latterly become a terrible nuisance from the manner in which they are overcrowded, and it would be a great blessing if cab riding could be cheapened and popularized for the benefit of those who are unable to keep carriages of their own. In London the mob of omnibuses is as great as that of the cabs. In Philadelphia we have no omnibuses and very few cabs. It would require a long-continued agitation to induce people to patronize cabs to any great extent, or proprietors to run a sufficient number of them at low rates. It is, however, an effort worth making, and some one ought to be sufficiently public spirited to undertake it. There is not a city in America so favorably circumstanced as Philadelphia for the work of beginning and carrying out this reform.

THE man who is only honest when honesty is the best policy is not really an honest man. Honesty is not swerving policy, but stable principle. An honest man is honest from his soul, nor designs to stoop to aught that is mean, though great results hang on the petty fraud.

AGRICULTURAL.

FEED fowls in the morning on slaked barley meal or ground oats. At midday give the household scraps; if they run short, eke out with barley or maize. No oats whole; fowls do not like them, and bran is the worst food you can give. Give an evening meal same as morning. You will then have eggs.

WITH a little care it is possible and easy to have some of the late-keeping varieties of grapes in good order till March, April, and even into May. The Agawam, Salem, and Wilder are among the best keepers. Plant some vines of these varieties this spring, and they will fruit in two years from next fall.

IT costs about as much to harvest a half ton of hay per acre as two tons, and costs as much to cultivate an acre of corn that produces ten bushels as it does one that produces one hundred, besides the use of land, cost of fencing, care, management, etc. Seek then to produce heavy crops, for there is where the profit lies.

TO RID NESTS OF LICE.—Put about a tablespoonful of sulphur in the nest as soon as the hens and turkeys are set. The heat of the fowls causes the fumes of the sulphur to penetrate to every part of their bodies, and every louse is killed; and as all nits are hatched in ten days, by the time the mother leaves her nest with her brood she is perfectly free from nits or lice. Thus freed from their natural enemies, the mother is in a better condition, and the chickens will thrive better.

LOS ANGELOS wine makers employ the primitive mode of crushing grapes by tramping with the bare feet. About a score of half-naked Indians do the tramping, and it is truly delicious to witness the purple juice squirting up through their toes and mingling with the perspiration which streams from every pore. Wine made by this simple yet beautiful method must possess a peculiarly fine flavor, and is just the thing for weak-stomached persons.

THE CHICKEN HOUSE.—Fifty fowls will make, in the roosting house alone, one half ton per annum of the best manure in the world. Hence 50 fowls make more than enough to manure an acre of land, 7 cwt. of guano being the usual quantity applied per acre, and poultry manure is known to be still richer in ammonia and fertilizing salts. No other stock will give an equal return in this way; and the figures will demand careful attention from the large farmer.

IT is often important for farmers to know what constitutes a car load. Nominally a car load is 20,000 pounds. It is 70 barrels of salt, 70 of lime, 90 of flour, 60 of whisky, 200 sacks of flour, 6 cords of soft wood, 18 to 20 head of cattle, 50 to 60 head of hogs, 80 to 100 head of sheep, 9000 feet of solid boards, 17,000 feet of siding, 13,000 feet of flooring, 40,000 shingles, one-half less of hard lumber, one-tenth less of joists, scantling, and all other large timbers, 340 bushels of wheat, 360 of corn, 680 of oats, 400 of barley, 360 of flax seed, 360 of apples, 430 of Irish potatoes, 360 of sweet potatoes, and 1000 of bran.

IT is worth while for all farmers everywhere to remember that thorough culture is better than three mortgages on their farm. An offensive war against weeds is five times less expensive than a defensive one. Good fences pay better than lawsuits with neighbors. Hay is much cheaper when made in summer than purchased in winter. More stock perish from famine than founder. A horse that lays his ears back and looks lightning when any one approaches is vicious. Don't buy him. Scrimping the feed of fattening hogs is waste of grain. Overfed fowls won't lay eggs. Educating children properly, is money lent at 100 per cent.

EVERYBODY should learn how to take care of horses. Here are a few facts which will assist in the matter: Many horses are thus devicious by cruel treatment. More of almost fail from weariness than any other [illegible] When a horse falls he is more frightened than rider. A frightened animal cannot [illegible] senses aright; it must be reassured by gentle treatment. Speed kills the horse. Never strike the poor animal on the head. Careless application of the whip has blinded many horses. More are lamed from bad shoeing than from all other causes combined. Never kick or scream at one, nor jerk the bit in his mouth.

A WELL-GROWN evergreen tree gives off warmth and moisture continually that reach a distance of its area in height, and when tree planters advocate shelter belts surrounding a tract of orchards of fifty or more acres, when the influence of such belts can only reach a distance of the height of the trees in them, they do that which will prove of little value. To ameliorate climate, and help the germ-bud of fruit in the spring, all orchards should have evergreen trees planted in and among the apple trees, at a distance of not more than 150 feet apart. Such a course pursued will give health to the trees, and be productive of more uniform crop of fruit.

SAVING LABOR IN GROWING POTATOES.—We have all raised potatoes enough this year to make us poor. I experimented some with potatoes last year and this as follows: I plowed some in the fall and some in the spring, throwing up ridges, three feet apart, leaving a deep furrow between. This I filled with muck, or marl, or any coarse or half-made manure, as it accumulated in the yards, saving the necessity of hauling it out in the spring when the ground is soft and wet. Before dropping the potatoes, I harrowed down the ridges, dropped in the furrows, and turned back the ridges upon the potatoes and manure. In about ten days after planting, or before they are sprouted much, harrow down the ridges again, and then they are ready to work with cultivator, and finally with shovel plow. They require no hoeing.

—*Weekly Tribune, N. Y.*

TO START CUTTINGS.—Cuttings of many plants can be readily started in water, and in the early spring if you have not a greenhouse or hot-bed it is the safest plan. Fill small bottles or phials with warmish water, remove the lower leaves of the cuttings (to be sure to have a bud at the base) and put them in water; hang up the phial to the window-sash, tying a string about the mouth for the purpose. If cotton wool is put around the mouth of the phial it will prevent the evaporation of the water and make the roots sprout more quickly by keeping up a more even temperature. Oleanders can be rooted in this manner, also heliotropes, verbenas, roses, fuchsias and all kinds of bedding-out plants. The process is so simple that a mere child can succeed with it. As soon as the roots are an inch long the cutting should be transplanted, taking care to spread out the tiny rootlets as they grow in the water. Or else fill up the bottle with rich earth, let it dry off for two or three days, and then break the glass and pot or plant out the cuttings without disturbing its roots in the least degree. This is the most certain way of obtaining plants from cuttings.

THE HABIT OF READING.—"I have no time to read," is the common complaint, and especially of women, whose occupations are such as to prevent continuous book perusal. They seem to think, because they cannot devote as much attention to books as they are compelled to devote to their avocations, that they cannot read any thing. But this is a great mistake. It isn't the books we finish at a sitting that always do us the most good. Those we devour in the odd moments, half a dozen pages at a time, often give us more satisfaction, and are more thoroughly digested, than those we make a particular effort to read. The men who have made their mark in the world have generally been the men who have in boyhood formed the habit of reading at every available moment, whether for five minutes or five hours.

DISAPPOINTMENT is the lot of mortality. This is an old saying, and to some extent it expresses the experience of every human being. There is no one in whose life some morning of sunshine and brightness has not proved the opening of a day overcast with clouds, and perhaps made gloomy and terrific with storms.

LARGE minds, like large pictures, are seen best at a distance. This is the reason, to say nothing of envious motives, why we generally undervalue our contemporaries, and overrate the ancients.

Regulate the Bodily Functions.

This advice should be especially heeded by those who suffer from an irregular habit of body or disorders of the bladder or kidneys. Inactivity of the bowels, or of the urinary organs, is speedily rectified by that wholesome aperient and sterling invigorative diuretic Hostetter's Stomach Bitters; and, as all affections of the organs of discharge have a strong tendency to become chronic, and that very rapidly, the use of the Bitters should not be delayed a moment longer than is necessary. The action of this inestimable corrective upon the bowels differs widely from that of a drastic purgative, since it is never violent or abrupt, but always gentle and natural, and its effects upon the bladder and kidneys are strengthening as well as mildly stimulative. The healthful impetus which it gives to digestion also renders it a most desirable general tonic.

FIRE!—At a recent fire in a tenement house in New York several persons were very seriously burned—one or two almost to death. The only prompt and effectual relief obtained was by the free use of **Pond's Extract**, which proved in this case, as in hundreds of others of less severity, a specific. The two who were thought to be fatally burned are almost entirely recovered, and almost free from even any marks. Children who are always blundering into accidents, and are fortunate enough to have tried Pond's Extract, instantly run for the bottle for every bruise, burn, cut, etc., etc. There is no household remedy so easy and safe of application, and so effectual. Keep a quart bottle in your house.

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The Westminster Hotel is one of the most select and comfortable of the first class hotels in New York. It is conveniently located, being but one block from Union Square and Broadway, convenient to the great stores, churches and places of amusement. A wood pavement covers the streets around, thus relieving its guests of the annoyance incident to other hotels on the stone paved and crowded thoroughfares. Persons who would enjoy all the luxuries of a first-class hotel with that home-like ease and quiet so desirable to the wearied traveler, will find the Westminster the place to stop. It is kept on the European plan. See card in advertising columns.

HOW MANY PERSONS,

Particularly those of sedentary habits, are constantly suffering from the effects of Indigestion and Dyspepsia, which they allow to go on unchecked until they are prostrated by a fatal attack of bilious or typhoid fever. To all desiring a speedy cure for Indigestion and Biliousness we can recommend that sovereign remedy, SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS. A trial will demonstrate the excellent remedial qualities of this great medicine.

Sold by all druggists.

Get the Genuine Article.—The great popularity of "*Wilbor's Compound of Cod Liver Oil and Lime,*" has induced some unprincipled persons to attempt to palm off a simple article of their own manufacture; but any person who is suffering from Coughs, Colds, or Consumption should be careful where they purchase this article. It requires no puffing; the results following its use are its best recommendations, and the proprietor has ample evidence on file of its extraordinary success in pulmonary complaints. The phosphate of lime possesses a most marvelous healing power, as combined with the pure Cod Liver Oil by Dr. Wilbor. This medicine is regularly prescribed by the medical faculty. *For sale* by A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston.

The Human Hair.—To give it strength and lustre, to improve its texture, to prevent its falling out, and quicken its growth—in short [illegible] make it as intended, the crowning [illegible] of both sexes—this is the work Burnett's *Cocoaine* will accomplish, if faithfully used. There is a stimulating property in this preparation which greatly assists the growth of the fibres, and at the same time rendering them smooth, silky and elastic.

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Is radically, rapidly, and readily cured by use of Griffen's Rheumatic Remedies. Price One Dollar each. Sent by express, prepaid, on receipt of $1.25, to any part of the United States. Universal Hemorrhoidal cures Piles, *painlessly*, in a week. Price 75 cents. Sent by express for $1.00. Office, No. 114 S. Fourth street, Philadelphia. *Mention this paper.*

Public Speakers and Singers will find "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" beneficial in clearing the voice before speaking or singing, and relieving the throat after any exertion of the vocal organs. For Coughs and Colds *the Troches* are effectual.

ATTENTION is called to the advertisement of K. London in this paper, as interesting to all those contemplating purchases in that line.

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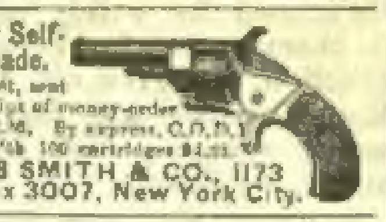

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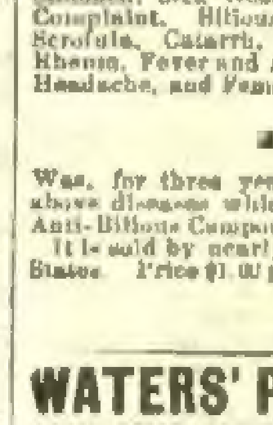

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THE BOUDOIR.

The fancy for cream color which began last year has seemed to gain in positive intensity as the seasons rolled on, until now it has taken possession of all fabrics, even to the invasion of our collars and handkerchiefs. Why it is so popular we cannot fathom, since it is not generally becoming. Only to brunettes can we recommend the various shades of it; yet, being "the fashion," everybody wears it, regardless of consequences.

Perhaps this being such a marked and golden year, it is to celebrate fitly the epoch that we deck ourselves in corresponding suits. Be that as it may, we have seen some wonderfully pretty and, alas! the heavy truth, wonderfully dear costumes in cream-colored damasse silks, combined with overdresses of Spanish lace of the same color, for the adornment of some of our fair leaders of the mode, whose "other" halves, we fear, will scarcely appreciate the cream of that joke when the bills for said dainty costumes arrive.

In sensible walking toilettes for these fine spring days commend us to the delicate shades of all wool debege which so lavishly fill our shop windows, and appear in all manner of new and tasteful combinations in the suit department. One of mingled brown and striped material pleased us so well, that we do not hesitate to offer it to our readers as a model.

The plain fabric was of a light warm brown; the striped had a ground of very light brown, striped with darker brown of the shade of the solid or plain color. The underskirt was of the plain brown, with a flounce at the bottom eight inches deep, cut bias, and gathered on; above this was a six-inch bias flounce of the striped, then another flounce, five inches deep, of the plain. The overskirt of the striped material was cut bias directly in front, and was pointed low down on the right side. On this same side was arranged pleats turning one way, and a deep "parasol pocket," of the plain fabric. On the left side were four folds of the plain fabric, arranged longitudinally, the folds turning towards the centre of the overskirt. A double piping edged the overskirt; a plain deep breadth at the back, looped by three tapes sewed on under the seams, completed it.

The cuirass basque had sleeves of the plain, with a double pleating at the wrist of the striped material; Byron collar of the striped; and a plastron at the back, fan-shaped, arranged in pleats, of the plain material gave a neat and stylish finish to the costume.

A hat of brown chip, capote shape, and trimmed with pale-brown serge silk mingled with cream silk, and a cluster of arbutus flowers in natural tints, made an appropriate adjunct to the pretty walking suit.

A toilette of black and white checked silk was combined with black silk in this wise:

The black silk underskirt had a deep pleated flounce of the checked silk—box-pleated, we should have specified. The overskirt was of the checked silk, with bias folds of black silk, alternated with similar ones of the checked, and crossing diagonally the front breadth; straight pleats of black silk, alternated with checked, were placed up the left side, from waist to hem. On the right was a pocket of black silk, lined with check silk, and finished with bows of black faille ribbon; this pocket was suspended from the waist by means of black silk bands. Cuirass basque of the checked silk, with sleeves of black, and round standing collar of black, lined with the check; front closing diagonally, and having a double row of crochet buttons.

A morning dress of navy blue percale was made with a Gabrielle front, and with back widths separate from waist, and laid in wide kilt plaits. The waist at the back formed a basque, and had a fan-shaped pleating set in the middle of the skirt thereof. This pleating had tapes sewed on underneath to prevent the folds coming open and giving too much of a bunched effect. The pleating was of the plain blue percale, hemmed on the under side with blind stitching; while a border in lace pattern, of white upon the dark blue ground, edged the remainder of the basque back, and was carried up the side seams over the shoulders and down the front again, bretelle fashion. Similar trimming formed a ruffle for the half-tight sleeve; a collarette for the neck edged the deep gathered pockets, and formed a revers on each of the wide side seams, commencing at the belt and extending to the bottom of the skirt.

We commend this pretty and simple morning wrap as being easily made, and in very good taste.

For little girls, linen dresses will be much worn. A pretty style is to have a loose Gabrielle front, a box-pleated or kilt-plaited back, skirt and waist in one, and a belt of the same, or else a brown or blue sash tied low on the hips. Such a suit could also be made in lawns and percales, and nothing will be found cooler or more readily laundried, two desirable items in children's dresses.

A pretty wrap for spring for the little ones was shown in brown and gray lady's cloth, made a loose sacque with wide hanging sleeves, simply stitched around the bottom, or else edged with a bias of silk to match the color; deep Byron collar.

OUR WORK TABLE.

As breakfast caps are so fashionable, and are now worn by matrons young and old, we will give minute description for the fashioning of one which seems to be the most popular among the many shapes that are shown. Quantity of material required will be a half yard of sheer, fine French or Swiss muslin, two and and a half yards of Valenciennes lace, two inches wide, three yards of faille ribbon of any tint preferred, and two and a half inches wide. For the crown, cut a round piece of muslin about fifteen inches across, sew two yards of the lace to a strip of the muslin, two inches wide, and of the same length as the lace; trim the middle for about three-quarters of a yard, to the width of an inch—that is, the muslin; pass your tape measure around your head on top, after your coiffure is made, and having ascertained the size, allow an inch, or even two inches, for comfort, and begin to pleat the crown of the cap. Commence in the middle, and make a small box-plait, then double pleats under it; then small pleats at wider intervals, turning towards the back on both sides, until the middle of the back is reached; secure by tacking with fine thread.

Now to put in your frill. Divide it evenly in half, the narrowest depth for the centre, and pleat on, much after the fashion of the crown, only putting the greatest fulness in the back. Make a large double bow of the ribbon, and place directly in front, straight or slantingly, as fancy may dictate; twine loosely and in easy, graceful folds, a band of ribbon about the crown, ending in loops and streamers at the back. With the remaining half yard of lace trim a small pointed piece of the muslin, and place point downwards at the back, below the band around the crown and among the loops. Price of pattern 20 cts., and two stamps.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Ruches for the neck, of cream-tinted crepe lisse, are among the novelties.

Capes, fichus and collarettes of all kinds will be largely worn during the coming summer.

Hem-stitching and the double herring-bone stitch of our great-grandmammas' days have obtained a wonderful popularity.

All wool debeges, with plain and striped, are shown in large quantities, both in material and in the imported suits. For the promenade nothing can be more desirable.

The deep pointed pocket, laid in pleats and extending often to bottom of skirt, is called the "parasol pocket."

Brown chip hats are much worn now for morning.

Colored grenadines will be seen this summer.

Scarfs and kerchiefs of cream-colored and black lace, blended with fringe of silk of the two tints, at the bottom and around them, are shown.

Lace strings or barbes are worn a great deal to bonnets.

Buttoned boots have a large bow of velvet or faille ribbon in front of the ankle.

Mourning setts are shown of fine sheer linen, gray tinted, with darker gray borders of cheviot stitched on.

Very dark green is popular for fine cloth suits for boys of six to ten years of age.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. Homer, Colladay & Co., for information received.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

L. G. Miller, State Mills, Va.—We received your letter, and returned pattern and answer by next mail.

Nettie V.—Thanks for your very pleasant letter. We will send the pattern upon receipt of price, sixty-five cents, and two stamps for mailing.

N B.—In regard to the blue and white striped dress, we think it will look very pretty trimmed with the solid color blue. If you put the back widths in front, and cover the seam with a puffing of plain blue, making a deep apron, rounded at the sides, and for back width have two sash ends of plain blue, draped in puffs, you will find the result more satisfactory than if you retained the short front. Have vest, and if you like, sleeves, of the plain blue, with cuffs of the striped. We thank you for your pleasant words, and assure you that had we received your former letter, it would at once have been answered. We never neglect any of our correspondents wilfully. You can get back numbers by mentioning date and number, and enclosing price—six cents each. The pattern you need is for basque and overskirt, and will cost you fifty cents, with two stamps for postage.

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LIVE WITHIN YOUR MEANS.

BY OLIVE BELL.

Mrs. George Jerome came down to the breakfast-table one stormy March morning with a decided frown (vulgar people would call it a scowl) on her pink-and-white face. She looked like an outgrown China doll in her stylish blue cashmere morning wrapper, with its heavy silk cord and tassel, yellow hair frizzed in the most approved style, and a dainty carnation tint on the round cheeks that were so often dimpled with laughter. Full scarlet lips, tightly closed now, hid twin rows of teeth that Mrs. Jerome was not chary of displaying when in a smiling mood.

But on this particular morning Mrs. Jerome was out of sorts, or out of temper, as her more prosaic husband mentally said, as he looked up from his morning paper and met the unsmiling sapphire eyes of his "household divinity."

"Well, Elsie," he said, in the pleasant, hearty way that had so often set Elsie's heart to thumping spasmodically in the blissful days of their courtship, "this is a rough morning."

Elsie gave some pettish answer, and coolly seated herself behind the shining breakfast service.

"Why, what's wrong?" exclaimed Mr. Jerome—a great, burly six-footer, who held his wife equal to the angels — "you don't look well, Elsie."

"I don't see how I could look, least of all feel well, in this abominable house," snapped Elsie, avoiding the frank brown eyes of her husband as she handed him his cup of coffee.

"This house!" Mr. Jerome sipped his coffee as good-naturedly as if his wife's whiffs of temper were not a daily occurrence. "What's the matter with it?"

"It's damp."

"Is it? I don't see any signs of dampness." Mr. Jerome glanced from the bright fire in the grate to the snow-white ceiling, carefully scanned the artistically papered walls, where some rare pictures caught the glow of the firelight, eyed the soft crimson three-ply beneath his feet, then fixed his loving eyes on his wife's fretful face. "We have a cozy home, Elsie; I think we ought to be content."

"George!"—there was an indignant flash in the sapphire eyes—"how could anybody see dampness! I feel it everywhere, particularly in the halls and garret."

"Stay out of the halls and garret," suggested simple George.

"Well, that's just like a man's theory. As if a woman who superintends her housekeeping thoroughly, could avoid halls, garret or cellar!" said Mrs. Jerome, in an injured tone.

Mr. Jerome looked mollified; for Elsie was said to be a model housekeeper, although Mr. Jerome could not for the life of him see when she did anything in the housekeeping line. Her hands were as soft and dimpled as an infant's, and as for work, any child of ten years could have put her efforts at physical labor to shame. But she understood the art of dressing to perfection, a fact Mr. Jerome knew to his cost, and remembered forcibly, as he glanced at his wife's rather costly morning dress, and remarked:

"Well, Elsie, how are we to better it?"

"Buy another," with a toss of the yellow frizzes.

"I can't afford it, Elsie," was the reply, a look of grave concern overshadowing the frank countenance.

"Nonsense! As if I would believe anything of the kind. All my schoolfriends own large pleasant homes. Why should not I have the same?"

"And shall have, when I can afford it, Elsie. But we have always lived within our means, and our present income will not admit of any larger outlay," urged Mr. Jerome, in his most persuasive tones.

"That's the old rhyme—live within your means." Mrs. Jerome looked inclined to cry. "I declare I don't see what I married you for."

"You gave love as one of your reasons," sighed her husband, looking grieved.

"Pooh! That's all moonshine," was the unladylike retort. "How much do you care for me, when you persistently keep me shut up in this little stuffy hole!"

George laid down his knife and fork and stared blankly at the pink-and-white face, flushed and distorted with anger.

"Elsie," he said, sorrowfully, "try and be content, and bear with the defects of this 'stuffy hole' a little longer. Business is in a very depressing condition, and I really have not the means to gratify you. Have you thought of the cost a larger and a more fashionable home implies?"

"It might be more expensive, but it would be so pleasant."

"It would be more expensive, for a larger house means costly furniture, more company, servants, and expense every way," said her husband, decidedly.

Mrs. Jerome arose to her feet, toyed with the tassel of her wrapper a moment, then said, icily:

"So you won't purchase another house, won't you?"

"No, Elsie, I will not. I could not sell this one for love or money at present; and I will not ruin myself by purchasing another, for all the money I can possibly command will go to cancel some notes that come due in a month or two," was Mr. Jerome's decided reply.

"Very well"—Mr. Jerome shivered at the coldness in the bell-like voice, and mentally wondered if this was the woman who but a few years ago promised to "love, honor and obey him"—"I will not live in this one another day. I will go home to mother."

Elsie moved towards the door, but Mr. Jerome was at her side in an instant, pale with passion. He caught her hands and held them tightly.

"Elsie, you surely would not be guilty of such an unwifely act?" he said.

"I surely would," was Elsie's cool reply, for she knew in her heart that her threat of going home to mother would move him, if all else failed.

He dropped her hands as if they had burned him, and turned his back on her. He was a strong, affectionate, loyal husband, and Elsie's total want of judgment and evident coldness grieved him as nothing else had ever done.

"And must I involve myself in debt—perhaps ruin—to keep my wife's affections!" he said, bitterly, as he paced the floor.

"You can do as you please, George," said the same chilling voice, "but I will not ruin my health, by remaining in this house another day."

"You can have your heart's desire, Elsie," Mr. Jerome said, with hand on the door knob. "Select a house as soon as you like."

"Oh, you darling—" Elsie made a rush for the door, but it was closed in her face, and George Jerome went down to his warehouse with a heavy heart.

Elsie, in her delight, dressed and went up town to search for a house that would exactly suit her fastidious tastes.

Now we do not wish any one to infer that Elsie was more vain, thoughtless, or cruel than the rest of her sex. For, aside from her inordinate love of display, she had many good traits, traits that had they been cultivated by some wise Christian spirit, might have borne some perfect fruit. But as a girl she had been gay and careless, as a wife she had only lived for the gratification of her own selfish desires, holding a fashionable home, jewels and costly raiment, above all better and holier gifts.

Of course she loved her husband—she would have been indignant if any one had doubted the fact—but when she married she had resolutely put out of her mind all thought of the trials, privations or sorrows of life, and expected her husband to surround her with every comfort and luxury.

For a week or more husband and wife saw little of each other. Elsie was busy house-hunting, while George was toiling through the endless worries of business life, wondering how he was going to weather the panic, and live within his means.

One bright afternoon in April, Elsie burst into her husband's business office, her pink cheeks like twin roses, and her yellow hair blowing about her smiling face.

"Oh, George!" she cried, "I'm just tired to death; but I've found it."

"Found what?" exclaimed her husband, who for the moment had forgotten the house.

"Why the house. Such a beauty too, with a side and front entrance, bay windows, handsome grounds—" Mrs. Jerome paused abruptly, and dropped into a chair, for the expression on her husband's face would have puzzled a phrenologist. "You'll be sure to like it," she went on, a little nervously, "and I've set my heart on buying it."

"Then you must have it, Elsie!" Mr. Jerome did not dare to glance at the bright, expectant face.

"Of course, if you like it."

"I am to be left out of the question, Elsie. It is *your* comfort that is at stake."

"The owners want twenty thousand dollars for it, but I think we might get it for less," went on Elsie, inwardly wondering what George looked so grieved about.

"We'll not ask a reduction," he replied with a smile. "A wife's affections are cheap enough at twenty thousand."

Elsie was too much absorbed in her bargain to notice the sarcasm in his tones, and overwhelmed George with thanks and caresses.

"There, there, Elsie," he said sadly, gently putting the slight figure from him. "I have not the least doubt of your gratitude, but I am afraid your love will never stand the test of adversity."

"Don't croak, George," laughed Elsie, like a pleased child. "We'll be as happy as two doves."

But George knew his days of happiness in the troubled future, whose dawn was slowly breaking, would be few and far between.

The coveted home was purchased at last, and the first payment made. Elsie was deep in the mysteries of house furnishing now, and before a month went by, Mrs. Jerome rejoiced in a fashionable establishment whose appointments were really beautiful, and the envy of her lady friends.

* * * *

Two years went by—years of pleasure to Mrs. Elsie Jerome, years of care and financial embarrassment to her husband. He missed the wifely counsel, the gentle cheering comfort of a true woman's affection, and grew old before his time. Money, money was her daily cry, and money was given her until ruin stared him in the face.

One cold gray evening in December, Mrs. Jerome stood in her luxurious parlor dressed for a party. She was still the same pretty childish beauty, and her rich robes of blue silk and white illusion set off her fairy-like loveliness to perfection.

"I wish George would come," she said, impatiently, as she glanced at her watch. "Seven, and no signs of him."

But at that instant he came in, looking worn and tired, and scarcely glanced at Elsie as he threw himself into a seat.

"Is my dress not lovely?" Elsie asked, her eyes shining like stars.

"Very!" he glanced up at her soberly, sadly. "Elsie, what would you do were I to fail?"

"Fail!" whispered Elsie, as if she did not comprehend the word.

"Yes, fail, Elsie. Hundreds are failing—men higher and stronger in the commercial world than I. What would you do, Elsie, were this house, furniture, etc., sold under the hammer?"

"I—I—" Elsie twirled her bracelet uneasily—"I think I would go home to mother."

"Then Elsie," Mr. Jerome's voice shook with pain and sorrow, "the sooner you go the better, for I am ruined past all redemption!"

Of course Elsie went into hysterics, and was coaxed out of them by the husband, who would always love her, be she false or true. But poverty stalked in at the door, and love flew out of the window, for Elsie left George to bear his burdens alone, and went home to her mother.

What I say unto one I say unto all: "live within your means!"

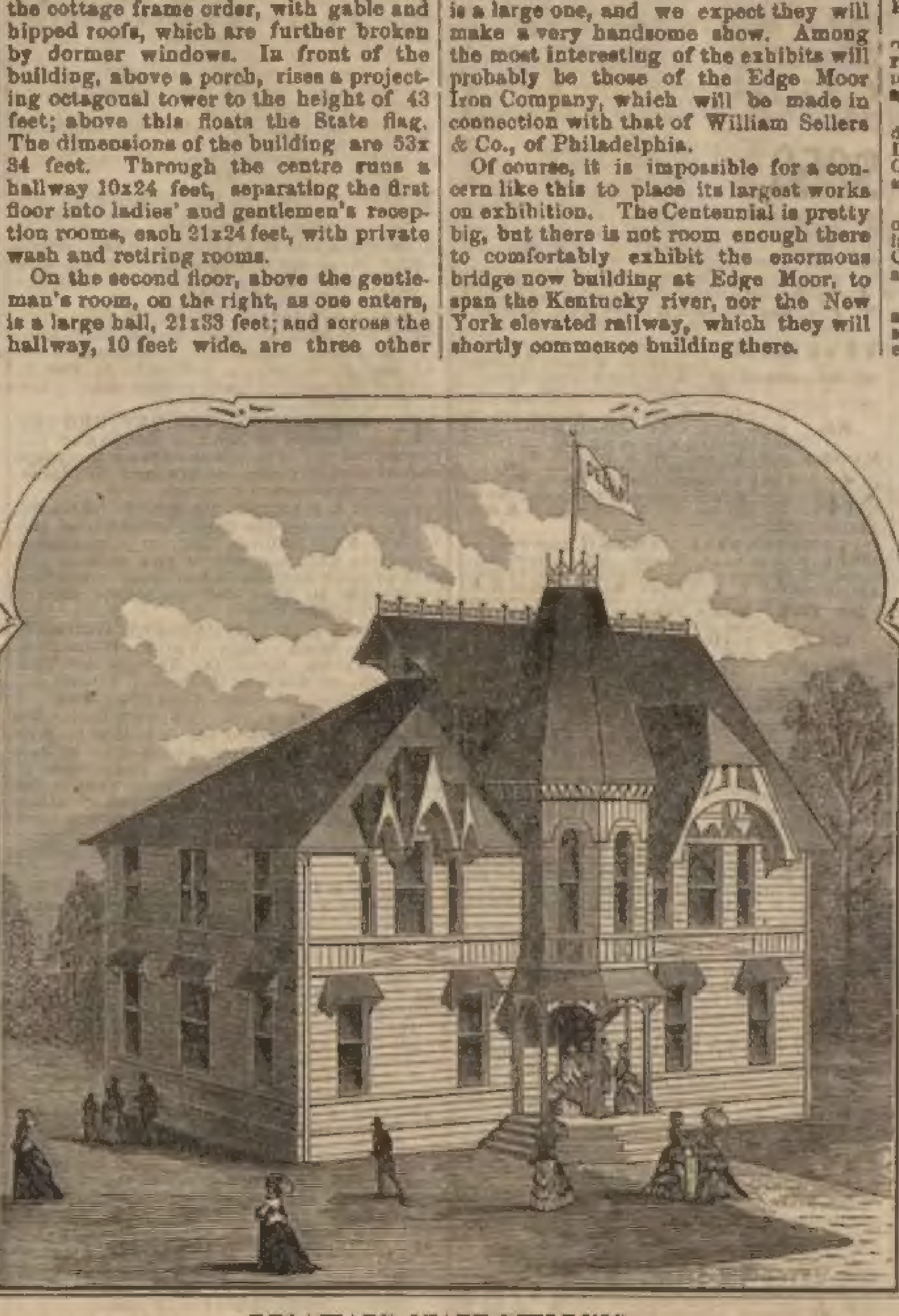
DELAWARE STATE BUILDING.

This week we give our readers an illustration of the building which the "Diamond State" has erected as its headquarters. It is located on the west end of State avenue, and the style is of the cottage frame order, with gable and hipped roofs, which are further broken by dormer windows. In front of the building, above a porch, rises a projecting octagonal tower to the height of 43 feet; above this floats the State flag. The dimensions of the building are 53x34 feet. Through the centre runs a hallway 10x24 feet, separating the first floor into ladies' and gentlemen's reception rooms, each 21x24 feet, with private wash and retiring rooms.

On the second floor, above the gentleman's room, on the right, as one enters, is a large hall, 21x33 feet; and across the hallway, 10 feet wide, are three other rooms. The front of these is for the commissioners, 10x21 feet, and opens into a room 12x21 feet, for the commissioners and the committees' use in common. Back of this is the committees' room, 10x21 feet.

The list of exhibitors from Delaware is a large one, and we expect they will make a very handsome show. Among the most interesting of the exhibits will probably be those of the Edge Moor Iron Company, which will be made in connection with that of William Sellers & Co., of Philadelphia.

Of course, it is impossible for a concern like this to place its largest works on exhibition. The Centennial is pretty big, but there is not room enough there to comfortably exhibit the enormous bridge now building at Edge Moor, to span the Kentucky river, nor the New York elevated railway, which they will shortly commence building there.



DELAWARE STATE BUILDING.

FIRST READING OF THE DECLARATION

The Declaration was written by Jefferson, as he himself stated in a letter to Dr. Mease, in his lodging-house at the south-west corner of Market and Seventh streets. The house is still standing, and is occupied by a tailor, who shows his patriotism by calling his shop the "Temple of Liberty Clothing Store." The instrument was signed, as our readers know, in the east room of the State-house, on the lower floor. It appeared in the next day's paper (side by side with an advertisement of a negro child for sale who had had measles and small-pox), but was not officially given to the people until noonday on the 8th of July, when it was read to a large concourse of people in the State-house yard by John Nixon, deputed to the task by the sheriff of Philadelphia, who had received it from the committee. The stage on which the reader stood was a rough wooden platform on the line of the eastern walk, about half-way between Fifth and Sixth streets. Deborah Logan, who lived in the neighborhood, states that she heard from the garden every word of the instrument read, and thought the voice was Charles Thompson's. In spite of all evidence in favor of Nixon, we choose to believe her. The Man of Truth should have first made known these words to humanity. Cheers rent the welkin, a *feu-de-joie* was fired, the chimes of Christ Church rang through all the bright summer day, and the old bell gave at last to the world the message it had received a quarter of a century before, and proclaimed liberty to all the world.

The daily papers—little thin sheets a few inches square—gave us for weeks afterward accounts of the rejoicings and wild enthusiasm of the other Provinces as the Declaration reached them. In New York one singular effect produced was that "a general jail delivery of all prisoners took place, in pursuance of the Declaration of Independence by the Hon. Congress."—*Harper's Mag. for May.*

PERSONALITIES.

Fanny Elssler is worth a million and a half, and is still single. She is also sixty-six.

Earl Dufferin wanted to visit the Centennial, and asked the Premier to furnish $75,000 for the trip, but the Premier refused. P. S.—There is not one word of truth in this.

Miss Thursby commands the largest salary of any choir singer in the country. She is to receive $3,000 a year for singing at Dr. Chapin's church, with carriage, hotel bills, etc., in addition.

Sir Charles Reed, President of the London School Board, has been selected by the Lord President of the Council to represent Great Britain in the educational department at the Centennial Exhibition.

Lewis Clark, the original of the character of George Harris in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is in Washington, engaged in bringing before Congress certain measures for the benefit and improvement of his race.

Queen Victoria announces her receptions at Buckingham Palace in advance, and at the same time she expresses the hope that this early notice will enable ladies to make their preparations without necessitating late hours on the part of those employed in preparing their costumes.

It is well known that Mr. Stewart was extremely superstitious. The slightest incidents or accidents became to him impressive omens. The fact that he caused the apple woman who for many years vended her edibles on the sidewalk in front of his wholesale store to be removed, stand and all, to his up-town store, under the impression that her presence insured his prosperity, is well authenticated. A lady, whose acquaintance he made just previous to the opening of his new store, warned him not to sell anything there until she had first purchased something in the store, and on the opening day, early in the morning, she called and bought nearly $200 worth of goods, principally Irish laces. Years afterward, when Mr. Stewart was in a foreign city, he learned that she was living there in reduced circumstances. Her husband had squandered her fortune. Mr. Stewart sought her out and gave her an elegant suite of apartments, and afterward settled upon her a handsome annuity. He supported her during her life in comparative luxury, because he believed her early purchase in his new store had brought him luck.

Mrs. Harriet B. Johnson, of Elmwood, near Hartford, Conn., claims to have a snuff box made out of George Washington's coffin. It is about an inch and a half in diameter, and half an inch thick, bound with silver bands, and having a silver plate on the top bearing the inscription, "E. H. Burritt to E. P. Hill." The E. H. Burritt is a brother of Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, who says that in 1835 when they were on a visit to Mount Vernon, the old servant who took them over the premises showed them the grave in which the General's body had been buried before its removal to the tomb near by, and in it they found a piece of the coffin, from which the box and two others were afterwards made.

Richard Wagner is described by a writer in the *Concordia*: "His gestures are as brusque as the thrusts of a rapier, and his tongue has the volubility of a windmill. The man is highly nervous and passionate. He is a musical Orlando. He is always furious, as though he was going to fight a duel or preach a crusade. He is a perfect volcano. He must tyrannize, he must abuse. He beats his players, and then afterwards, with tears in his eyes, begs their pardon."

A London letter says that probably there is not a woman who enjoys more robust health than the Queen. Victoria is stout, with somewhat of redness in her hue, and probably was never better in her life than at this moment. She bids fair to live as long as her grandfather, the third George, did, and if she does, the Prince of Wales will be a gray-headed old man, with grandchildren, before he comes to the throne.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, now worth over $88,000,000, began life as wherry-man between Whitehall and Staten Island. He is now 82 years of age. He looks hale, hearty and well, and drives out every fine afternoon behind a fast pair of horses, handling the ribbons as well as ever.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Paper as strong and flexible as that made from rags is said to be manufactured from Canada rice grass. It is easily bleached, pure in color, and of a perfectly even surface. This material is found in abundance in the United States and Canada.

A New Disinfectant.—There has lately been introduced another new disinfectant, which is extremely useful from its solubility. It consists of a mixture of common salt and chloride of calcium, to which is added about fifteen per cent. of white vitriol. If wanted for use, in the form of powder it may be mixed with cinder dust.

Charcoal Improved by Age.—It is well known that mineral coal deteriorates rapidly by exposure to the atmosphere, through the loss of inflammable gases and the slow oxidation of its other constituents. But with charcoal the reverse is true. Charcoal improves with age by the mechanical absorption of oxygen, which does not combine with it until sufficient heat is applied to burn the coal, at which time the excess of oxygen adds intensity to the flame, and of course produces more heat than would be given off by the coal if burned immediately after being made.

A Mountain of Salt.—A mass of ninety million tons of pure, solid, compact rock-salt, located on an island 185 feet high, which rises from a miserable sea marsh, on the route from Brashear to New Iberia, up the river Teche, in Louisiana, is one of the wonders of the world. How this island, containing over three hundred acres of excellent land, ever came into existence in such a locality, is a matter of conjecture. Vegetation is prolific, and the scenery is beautiful and varied. Here is an immense bed of pure rock-salt, whose extent is as yet only estimated, and scientific men are puzzled to know what produced it.

Rust Cement.—The following is a rust cement for water and steam pumps: Make a stiff paste with two parts sal-ammoniac, thirty five parts iron borings, one part sulphur and water, and drive it into the joint with a chisel; or, to two parts of sal-ammoniac and one part flowers of sulphur, add sixty parts of iron chips, and mix the whole with water to which one-sixth part vinegar or a little sulphuric acid is added. Another cement is made by mixing one hundred parts of bright iron filings or fine chips or borings with one part powdered sal-ammoniac, and moistening with urine; when thus prepared, force it into the joint. It will prove serviceable under the action of fire. All the above parts are by weight.

Water and Disease.—The *Journal of Commerce* warns the drinkers of water from wells near dwellings to beware of the typhoid poison, sure to be found sooner or later in these reservoirs, if any of the house drainage can percolate them. The gelatinous matter often found upon the stones of a well is poison to the human system, probably causing by its spores a fermentation of the blood with abnormal heat or fever. Wholesome, untainted water is always free from all color and odor. To test it thoroughly, place half a pint in a clear bottle, with a few grains of lump sugar, and expose it, stoppered, to the sunlight in a window. If, even after an exposure of eight or ten days, the water becomes turbid, it is a sure indication that the water has been contaminated by sewage of some kind; if it remains perfectly clear, it is pure and safe.

Cooking by Cold.—It is a curious fact, not generally known, that the action of intense cold on organic substances is similar to that of a high degree of heat, and that, when subjected to a very low temperature, meat can be brought to a condition similar to its state when cooked by actual warmth. Quite recently a Hungarian chemist, who, it appears, has investigated all the various ways suggested for preserving meat—by chemicals, cooking by heat and hermetically sealed, etc.—and has found points of objection to all, has attempted the preparation of the material by subjecting it in a perfectly fresh state to a temperature of 31 degrees below zero, Fah., and sealing it afterwards in tins. The results obtained have been highly satisfactory. The meat on being removed from the cans appears, in point of smell and color, as fresh as if just taken from the butcher's stall. Although partially cooked, and requiring less fuel to complete its preparation, it is entirely without the taste of meat which has been partially subjected to any heating process, and may be roasted, boiled, or otherwise treated, the same as if it were fresh. A commission appointed by the German government has lately conducted a series of careful and successful experiments upon the process, and as a final test, two corvettes of the German navy being about to circumnavigate the globe, have been supplied with a large stock. An extensive factory is being erected in Hungary for its manufacture.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Declined with Thanks.—Fair Exchange No Robbery. Enigma. Think of Me! To My Mother. An Old Flame. The March of Intellect. Elsie's First Trial. The Intercepted Letter.

B. M. W.—Tell the gentleman that you will have no further correspondence with him, unless he finds the means of introducing himself to your parents; and keep your word. You will be sure to get into trouble if you persist in your present course.

Beauty.—Editors, though ever ready to bow to the shrine of beauty, are compelled at times to appear rather hardhearted. Your poem is very fair for "a first composition," but we regret to say it is not up to our standard, and we therefore, cannot publish it.

F. R. S.—The Apollo Belvidere is a marble statue of Apollo in the Vatican at Rome. It is about seven feet in height, and is almost naked. The artist's name is unknown. It does not give one an idea of dignity so much as of physical beauty and independence. The clothed figure of "Jupiter Tonans" is much more dignified.

Chorister.—A glee is a musical composition for three or more voices, one voice to each part, without instrumental accompaniment. A simple madrigal differs from the glee in having for each part a chorus of voices. There are accompanied madrigals for one or more instruments, especially the organ, along with the voice.

XXX (Freeport).—There is no fixed rate of salary for the railroad officials that you speak of; it varies on different lines, so we cannot tell you definitely. 2. We know nothing regarding the institution you name. For any information you may desire as to terms, etc., you had better address the Principal direct.

C. H. B.—Well! having got over the first nervous apprehension of writing to an editor, we hope you will have more courage next time. In the flurry and excitement, you have put your question in so indefinite a shape that we have found it impossible to come to any conclusion as to what points you wish information on. Please write again more fully.

Perplexed S. P.—"Please publish F. F.'s question in the next Post. The answer is given in the 'Miscellaneous' department of Correspondence of April 15, 1876. I am anxious to know who 'her' is and also 'F. F.'" We are sorry we cannot gratify your curiosity or relieve your perplexity, but you have asked us to do what we have always made a point of never doing, and that is to in any way reveal the identity of our correspondents.

Charlie.—You will be very much better if you will leave off smoking altogether. If you do not, judging from your symptoms, you are very likely to have your health seriously affected. You commenced smoking far too early, and have weakened your digestive organs. Smoking is by no means a necessary to existence, nor is the abandonment of it, especially at your age, attended with more than a few hours' inconvenience.

Starr.—We should be very glad, indeed, to be of any assistance to you in your very laudable wish to improve yourself in the studies in which you say you are deficient, but as you have not told us what those studies are, and in what particular branches of education you feel yourself deficient in, we are unable to suggest any books for you to study. If you will write again, and be a little more definite, we shall give you all the information in our power.

A. K. S.—The behavior of an engaged lady in general society so much depends on the character of her *fiance* that we can give no definite directions about it; nor can the laws of etiquette determine it in such a way as to please all parties, or any party. Engaged ladies are generally the most unsocial of all ladies. If there are any such persons in the world as disagreeable ladies, these are they; for they seem to belong to nobody and to have heart or feeling for nobody. And yet their hearts are as warm and true as other hearts; but they are oppressed with conventionalities and fears of giving offence.

Fanny.—The more you try to regain declining affections, the more certainly you will fail, unless you have the art of concealing your object. Many ladies have not that art; they become officious and servile, or they become reproachful and flattering, and only make matters worse by lowering their own dignity. Now there is nothing that man loves more in a woman than the preservation of her dignity; but even the assumption of dignity is dangerous, for you may overdo it; and then it is equally offensive, because it is ridiculous. It is the staid, quiet, self-possessed dignity that pleases permanently. Behave beautifully, and leave the rest to Providence.

H. S. P has always had a notion that it is better for two unlike dispositions to marry than two like ones; so she has always avoided lovers with dispositions like her own, but never could get on with them. She tried to love, was determined to love them, but all in vain. At last came one just like herself, and threw his net over her, and now she is engaged to that very temper and disposition she has all along shunned. In other words, H. S. P. has, in obedience to some foolish theory, been working against nature; but nature has been too strong for her. It is a manifest absurdity to suppose that two notes of music totally dissimilar can harmonise. A little dissimilarity is permitted, for the sake of variety; but absolute dissimilarity is discord.

E. E. F.—It is a very common feeling of delicacy, the root, in fact, of true politeness, that conceals love and all partialities in the presence of uninterested parties. There is nothing more disgusting than the sight of lovers fondling one another, and sitting on each other's knees in company, and other similar familiarities which we have seen lovers indulge in. Our correspondent's lover is just one of the right sort. He may go too far in his apparent indifference before others, but the principle is correct; and she may depend upon this, that the more she gains of his apparent love in public, the more she will lose in private. Love is a plant that requires very skilful management, and from sheer ignorance many destroy it without ever suspecting the fault to be their own.

Selma R.—We are very sorry to hear of your intention of "becoming an author," for we fear you have not the faintest idea of what you are undertaking! Gaining a subsistence by writing stories (for which you think you have a talent) is not by any means so easy as you may think, and instead of encouraging you in persevering in such a resolution, we would earnestly advise you to try any other honorable means of gaining a livelihood before you have recourse to that. So far as your request to us personally, we have so many stories on hand at present that there would be no good in sending us any. And as to quality of paper, how it should be folded, whether flat or rolled up, how directed, etc., these are all of very secondary consideration. We would, however, mention that bad spelling would militate very seriously against the probability of any MSS. being accepted by an editor.

Calendar.—"Will you kindly explain to me what the Jewish Era is, how computed, and in what way one can find out how any Jewish year corresponds with our years?" The Jews date their calendar from the Creation, which is considered by them to have occurred 3,760 years and 3 months before the commencement of the Christian Era. The year is luni-solar, and, according as it is ordinary or embolismic, consists of 12 or 13 lunar months, each of which has 29 or 30 days. It is occasionally made a day more or less than the mean value, in order that certain festivals may fall on proper days of the week for their due observance. The Calendar is constructed by assuming the mean lunation to be 29 days, 12 hours, 44 minutes, 3⅓ seconds, and the year commences on, or immediately after, the new moon following the Autumnal Equinox. The mean solar year is also assumed to be 365 days, 5 hours, 55 minutes, 25 25-57 seconds, being 6 minutes, 37 seconds in excess of the mean solar year. From these data the commencement of any Jewish year can be obtained, corresponding to any given year of the Christian Era.

Miscellaneous.—R. B.—Proof spirit practically contains forty-nine per cent. alcohol, and fifty-one per cent. water. Absolute alcohol boils at 173° F. De la Roche.—Napoleon III died at Chiselhurst, in England, on January 9, 1873. G. McH.—Good wives are of all sizes, from four feet ten inches to six feet six inches. Disposition has much more to do in forming a good wife than stature. Impudent.—It is rather a delicate matter for the young lady to advise him about, but if she is very intimate, there need be no impropriety. B. J. M.—We know of nothing that we could recommend that could be safely used for such a purpose. Fiant.—You will get the information you wish in the table of railroad fares published on the fourth page of No. 39. G. W. K.—We can send you the book you want for $3.00. The subscription price is $4.00. Alice.—You must take care and not get drawn into a correspondence with a gentleman whom you don't know. Your mother would be the proper person to reply to the letter in question. Fred. R.—Railroad is the American word; in England they say railway. J. S.—We cannot give you the exact derivation of the name Shaw, but believe it to be Irish. Winnie.—Do not employ cosmetics. The best remedies you can use are exercise and the use of a coarse towel. M. A.—You had better leave off smoking altogether, since you find it so injurious to your constitution. S. V. G.—The celebrated Armstrong guns, used by the British government, are of both breech and muzzle-loading patterns. The Krupp steel rifled cannon are breech loaders. Kate.—Do not contradict them, but just agree with them in all they say; they will soon tire.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*